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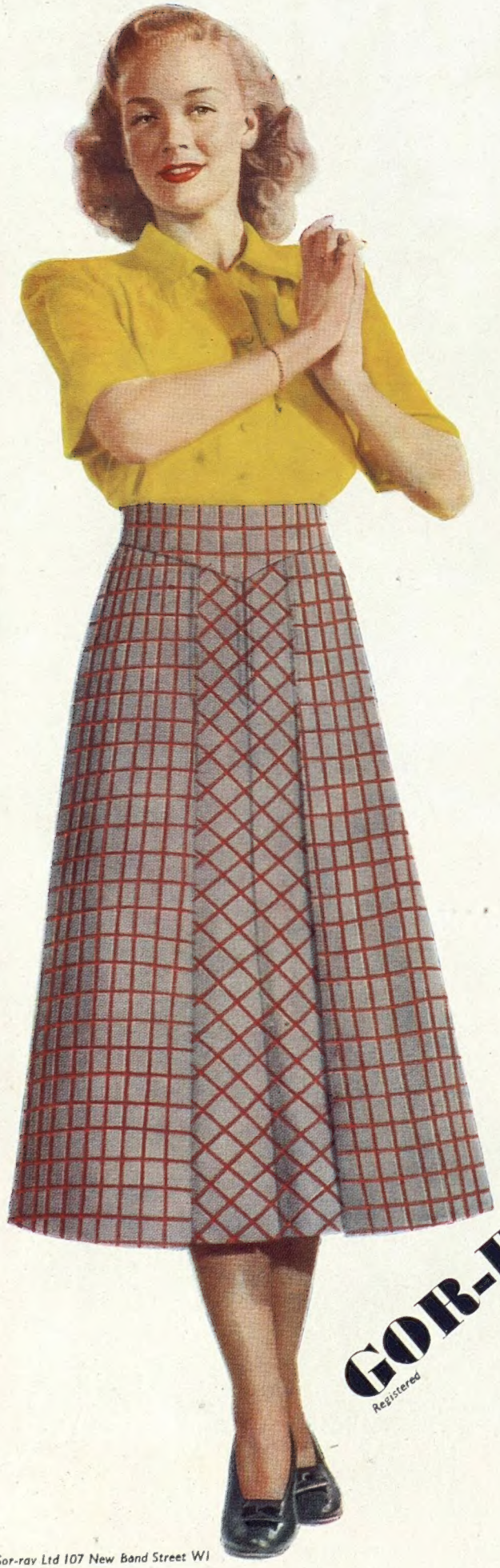

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VOL. 38 No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1949

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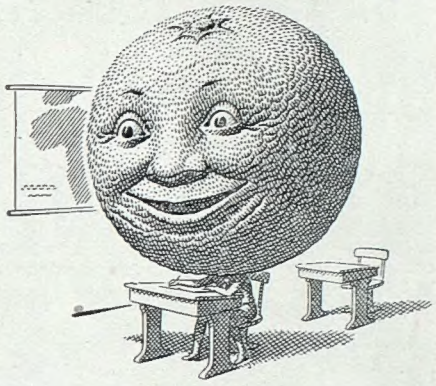
I did, said the Schoolboy



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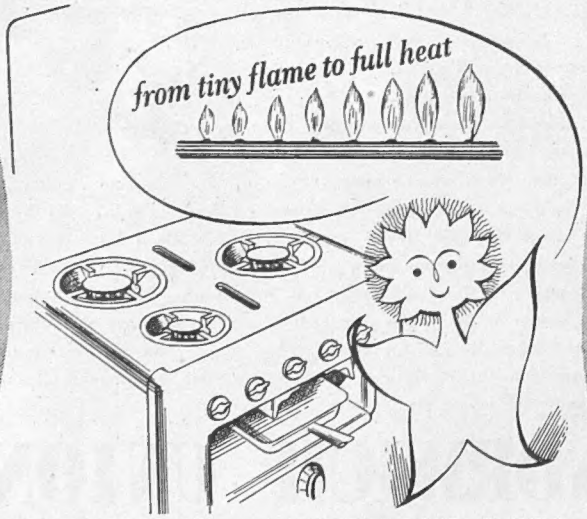

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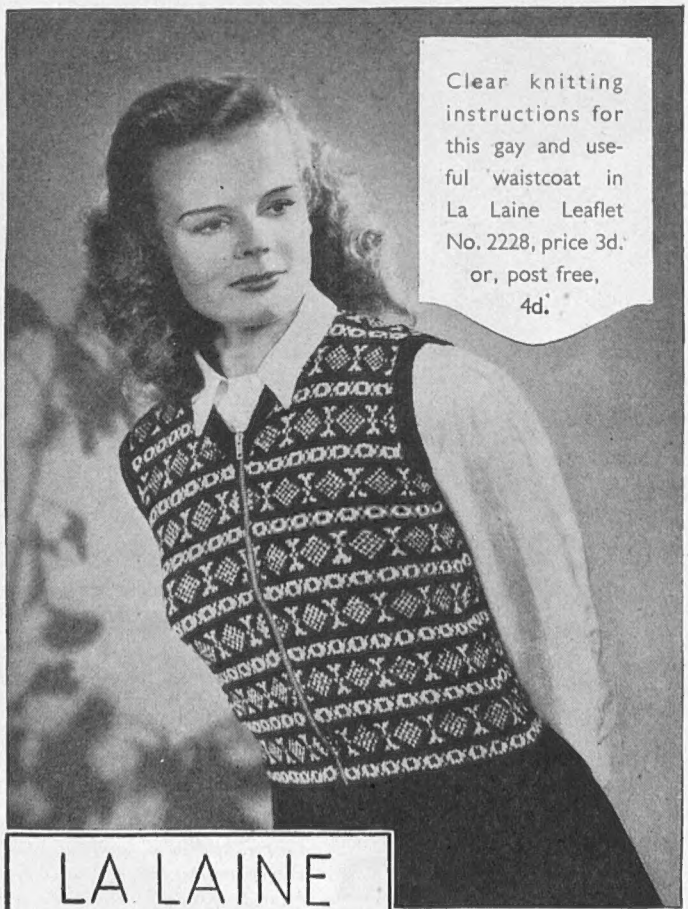

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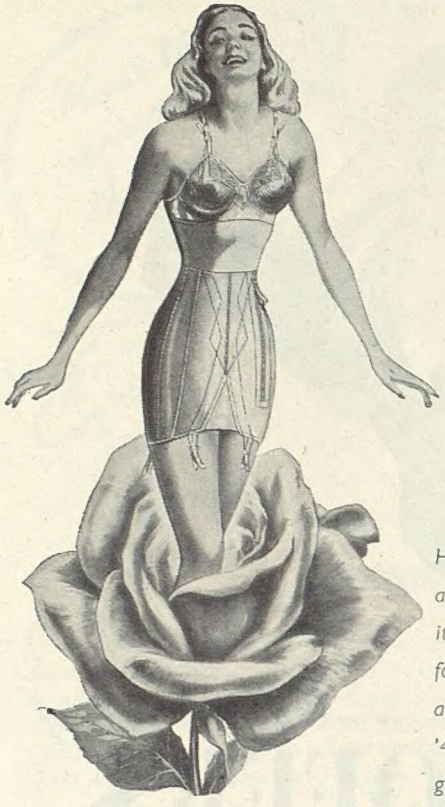

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Danny stopped. He saw Willy staring at the deck-chair, placed with its back to them. Round the side of this chair a bleary face and a tousled red head was peering

Don't Say That At The Inquest

A Short Story by Arthur Mills

"NOT an hotel, Danny. Wouldn't suit me just now."

On the other end of the telephone, Danny Fligh, ex-jockey, now running a bookmaking business at Winkle Beach, groaned. He guessed how things were. Willy would not like it if he refused to help.

"How long can you give me?"

"Five hours."

"Five hours!"

"Yes. I am getting on the 3.20 for Brockenhurst—gets in 5.22. I'm at the station now."

"All right. I'll see what I can do," Danny promised. He wished he had not let Willy find him that car now.

As he came back into the bar a truculent-looking little man called Walters, with a scarlet face, called out:

"Why do you walk as if you had a hedgehog between your legs?"

Danny ignored the hotel drunk.

Which was how Willy Dorset came to be met at Brockenhurst by Colonel Forrard, captain of Winkle Beach Golf Club, who, of course, knew his brother, Sir Harold Dorset, who owned a few 'chasers and for whom Danny had ridden until he had lost his licence. Danny said it was a small world—meaning with Willy in it.

Anyway, Colonel Forrard offered to put Willy up for a couple of nights. And then Willy managed to get invited by a Major Lygor to go to Deauville in the latter's ocean-going yacht. It was after he came back from this trip things began. Danny contacted Willy at the golf club, when he came in after a golf match with the Mayor of Winkleton.

Danny said: "I want to talk to you, Willy. We could go out and sit on one of them benches." He jerked his thumb towards the cliff.

"I 'd rather stay here." Willy reached back and pressed the bell. "As I 've just won a golf game, I 'll buy the first drink. We 'll go out on the verandah if you like." He led the way outside, sat down on a cane chair and stretched out his legs.

"Willy," Danny spoke sternly. "You know I told you to lay off the Colonel."

"I didn't do him any harm, did I?"

"You shouldn't 've gone to stay with him; and you shouldn't 've used him to get to know people like Major Philip Lygor, a fine gennelman and a great friend of the Colonel's."

The waitress brought the drinks, blushing as she set them down, because Willy was staring at her pull-over.

Willy paid with two of the Mayor's half-crowns; he waited for Danny to go on, knowing the little jockey had something on his mind.

Danny still avoided the main reason for wanting a talk. He said: "And now you'se going to Salisbury races with the Mayor of Winkleton!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"'Cos he 's the Mayor—that 's why—chairman of the Bench—'e 's like that with the Sergeant of Police." Danny folded his second finger over the first. "You gets on the scratchy side of 'im, and you 've bought it, Willy."

"Why should I get on his scratchy side? He must like me or he wouldn't take me to the races."

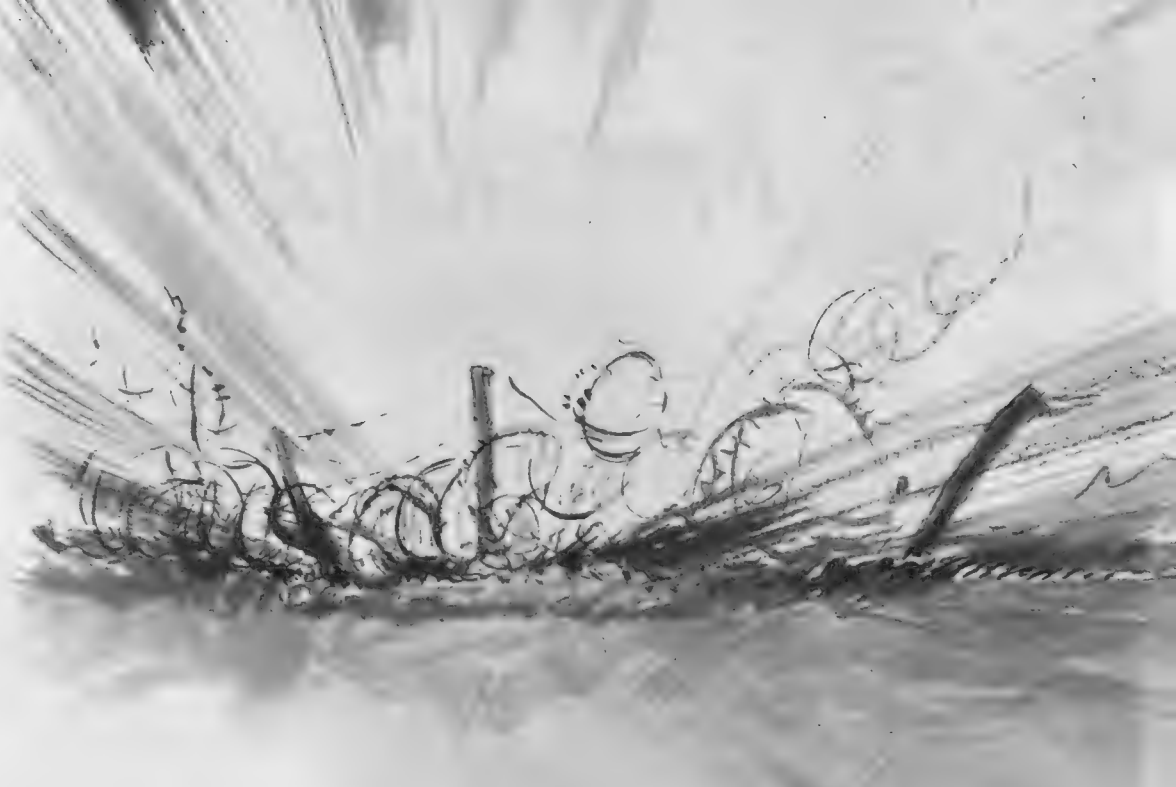
"Don't you offer to put on no bets for him."

"I should have thought you 'd have been glad of some business."

"Not any that 's brought to me by you."

Willy yawned. "All right, be as rude as you like, you horrible little man." He finished off his drink and pressed the bell again. "Your turn," he said, when the waitress appeared. "Can we have a drop more gin in the next lot, Lady Godiva?" The girl, whose long, flaxen hair fell down her shoulders, went the colour of a maraschino cherry.

Danny swallowed the next drink as soon as it came. He then leaned forward, getting his face close to Willy. "'Ere,



That was when Walters stepped on the mine. When the Veterans sorted themselves out they found no one had been hurt

why was it you rung me up and wants to come down to the Forest? I knows more than you thinks."

Willy drew back. Danny's spring onions were terrible.

"You comes back from Deauville wiv five hundred quid in cash! I knows someone who 'as seen it. An' you tells them you 'as won it playing baccara. Right?"

"Perfectly correct." Willy slapped his hip pocket. "It 's all here."

"But Major Lygor tells the Colonel you didn't win money at the Casino. You lost—'bout half a million francs was the figure he put it at."

Danny watched closely and noticed Willy come off balance for a moment; he had not liked the Major Lygor part.

Willy said: "So everybody knows how much I lost except myself?"

"They does; there was a girl with you, and she seen what you lost; she was with you all the time, too."

"What 's all this about? What are you getting at?"

"My cut: my bit of that five hundred quid you managed to come back with out of what 's left of whatever it was you took over with you. You can't fool me, Willy."

"I 'm not trying to fool you. Your cut of what? How do you come into this?"

"In lots o' ways. You rung me up, didn't you? I fixed up for you to be met at Brockenhurst—got you a proper intro. to the district. Major Lygor, he 's particular who he invites to go sailing. You wouldn't have been able to get on that yacht if it hadn't been for me. Then what 'ud you 'ave done?"

"Gone on somebody else's yacht." Willy put his hand to his hip pocket and drew out the roll of notes. "All right, Danny. Here 's a fiver."

"Not enough." Danny did not put out his hand.

Willy shook his head. "No more, Danny. Not even a fiver if you argue."

"You better be careful," Danny said. "You ain't got a thing on me now, Willy. Not even the car. It 's gone."

"Where?" Willy looked interested.

"Colonel Forrard 'as taken it, an' let me have his in part exchange."

"You 've still been the owner of a stolen car, though," Willy reminded Danny.

Danny rolled his eyes. "I knows I 'ave, but I didn't know it was stolen, no more than the Colonel does. 'Ow could I?" He pointed at the five-pound note. "It is ten of those for me, Willy, and that 's cheap."

Willy said: "Take it easy, Danny. You won't get anywhere playing rough. Let 's go back to where we started. Why do you think I owe you anything at all?"

"'Cos you came down here on purpose to get on one of them yachts. You asked me about 'em as soon as you arrived. You wanted to take something over to the other side; an' you didn't fancy being asked to take your pants off in the Customs office. You brought me into it when you rung me up and now you owes me a pay-off."

Willy reached for his yachting cap and put it on to keep the sun out of his eyes. "How much are you soaking the Colonel for over that car?"

"I 'm taking his bus in part exchange, and he 's giving me something over."

"How much over? He 'll tell me if you don't."

"Two 'undred quid—that 's not much to pay to get a new model."

"Not a lot after you have given me half." Willy saw Danny beginning to flare up, and added: "You wouldn't like him to stop the cheque, would you?"

"I 'd like to be riding in the same race wiv you when the ground 's hard," Danny said.

Willy gave himself another cigarette and offered the packet to Danny. "Let 's both stop doing everything the hard way. I 'm planning to stay down here for a while and I want a nice quiet holiday. We can talk here, can't we? I don't want to go out on the cliff and sit on a bench. Don't like the things."

"You should know—you 've slept on plenty." Danny looked round. They were in an angle of wall; there was one empty chair with its back to them at the end of the verandah; no one could come up behind. "Yeah, we 're all right here. What 'ave you taken across and sold the other side, Willy?"

Willy realised Danny had picked up some information. Now he might as well tell him the truth; he still had the edge on him.

"I took over a couple of diamond bracelets."

"Ice!" Danny's eyes opened as wide as they ever did.

Willy said: "Where do you get hold of those expressions?"

Danny was looking at him almost admiringly. "I s'pose you flogged 'em over there, Willy?"

Willy tipped the remainder of his drink into his mouth and set the glass down. He nodded: "Havre is just made for anything like that. Ships on the South American run put in—that 's where they wear diamonds, Danny, South America; you should see the women when they 're dressed up—enough to blind a man with weak sight."

"You ain't never been there." Danny spat on the club verandah, remembered his manners, and worked frantically on the tiles with his foot. He was pretty upset.

Willy continued: "Going over in a yacht saved a lot of bother with the Customs; also Eye-Tye and Frog pursers are most co-operative; you don't have to work through a third party. If you know where to go you can deal with them direct."

The whole thing sounded like a big job. Frantic with curiosity, Danny asked: "Did you knock 'em off yourself, Willy?"

Willy stretched. "I don't knock things off myself, Danny. I suppose you would like to know how much I got. It wasn't much—nothing like full value."

Illustrations by Frank Lea.

"Colonel Forrard said as he 'd 'eard you lost half a million francs."

"That 's right; that would be about half what I got for the bracelets. They gave me a packet of fivers and the rest in francs—a sack-full. I pouched the fivers—I 've got 'em here," Willy slapped his pocket, "but I didn't know what to do with the francs, so I played baccara."

"Wouldn't they have changed 'em at the Casino?"

"That 's what I hoped to do, but it didn't turn out that way. Anyway, I brought the fivers back."

"Where did you get the bracelets?"

"Now, that 's quite a story." Willy got up and pressed the bell.

He watched the girl returning with two gin slings, and waited till Danny had paid.

"Now, Danny, let 's get one thing straight. There 's no pay-off either way. You are getting two hundred quid for the car, and I 'm getting my half of five hundred for the bracelets. Not much in it."

"There 's fifty quid in it," Danny said, working at his teeth with a match.

"Take it easy, Danny. I 'll explain how the disappearance of those bracelets may affect your life. They belonged to the same family that owned the car you have just passed on to the Colonel."

Danny removed the match. "You told me there couldn't be no trouble about the car 'cos it belonged to a feller who left it all night outside a house where he was visiting. You said he wouldn't dare say a word."

"I don't think he has reported the theft. I haven't seen anything about it. When a South African diamond magnate loses a new motor-car you generally see something in the Press. He bought the car to take back to Africa with him."

"Diamond magnate!" Danny repeated. "You don't get hold o' one of 'em often. Bracelets belong to his missus?"

Willy nodded. "I don't think she 'll go to the police either; she was out with me when her flat was burgled."

Danny looked him over. "That 's the best o' being a fine, tall, 'an'some young feller like you. They comes to you like wapses arter a rotten pear."

"Because," Willy continued patiently, "she does not want any scandal either."

"I see." Danny took the match from his mouth and used the dry end to light a cigarette.

He realised he could not extract any money from Willy as things were. If the theft and disposal of the diamonds was discovered the police might also hear about the stolen car. That would bring him into it. It certainly would not pay

him to do anything that would spoil his pitch at Winkle Beach. If he could only get rid of Willy before he fouled up everything.

"'Ow long are you going to stay at the hotel?"

"Until I get bored with Winkle Beach. I don't expect that to happen for quite a time—plenty of distraction and everybody most friendly. Do you play golf? We must have a game one day."

"Yes, I plays." Danny wasn't bad at the game. He was a good putter, cramming his ball at the hole the way he rode a horse. "What's your handicap, Willy? What did you beat the Mayor by?"

"I won on the seventeenth," Willy said. He had nursed the match.

Danny did a bit of figuring. The Mayor's handicap was 16.

"Look here, Willy, there's no reason for you and me to be bad friends over a little matter of fifty quid."

Willy blew out smoke. "None whatever. I don't owe you fifty quid. You are keeping the two hundred you're getting on the car. That cancels us out—if there is anything to cancel. And I don't admit there is. The people who get a cut on the diamonds are the ones who did the job."

Danny held his finger to his mouth and shook his head. Willy looked round. No one on the verandah. Only one deck-chair and leg-rest in the corner with its back to them.

"That's not the way I see it, Willy. But now you are stopping on 'ere I don't want any 'ard feelings. You was saying you'd like a game of golf. Would you play me for fifty quid?"

"What's your handicap?"

"Twelve. How many strokes did you give the Mayor?"

"None. We played level," Willy answered, thinking he could check Danny's handicap by looking at the board. "All right, Danny, I'll play you for fifty quid."

"Golf match at Winkle Beach—played level—loser to pay winner fifty quid cash. Shake!" Danny held out his hand.

Willy shook. "You wouldn't object to an umpire, would you?"

"Not at all," Danny agreed heartily. "Wouldn't be right to play a match of this sort without someone coming round to take the flag and say whose putt it was. Give me a day or two and I'll find a good umpire."

Danny stopped. He saw Willy staring at the deck-chair, placed with its back to them in the corner. Round the side of this chair a bleary face and a tousled red head was peering.

The Sergeant said to Willy: "Couldn't you have taken better care of him? It wasn't very clever letting a man, who had been drinking, wander on to a mine-field after a lost ball; rather like letting a blind man walk over the edge of a cliff"

"If you want a good umpire, I am the man," Walters said, in his slow, distinct voice.

Danny stared at the drunk. "Have you been there the whole time? I thought that chair was empty."

"My dear Sir, I have been here the whole afternoon. I fell asleep after lunch and have just woken up. I sleep with my legs curled up."

Walters got up. Looking at his short legs, Willy realised why they had not noticed anyone. He had been sunk below the top of the chair.

Looking Walters over, Danny said: "We'd be glad to have you umpire for us." (*Continued on page 52*)

Whitehall On The Move

By Guy Livingston

Building at top speed—but only for Government offices. Belford House, off Theobalds Road, in the Borough of Holborn is being built at pre-war speed. Built by a private firm, it will, when finished, be leased to the Ministry of Works. This block of offices cost nearly £1,000,000 and will provide 260,000 square feet of working accommodation for 3,000 civil servants

WHITEHALL is spreading ever farther beyond the shadow of Big Ben. Because space is lacking in overcrowded London, plans have now been made to move a number of Government offices permanently into the country, and it is intended that in a few years 50,000 civil servants will be working in new headquarters in some twenty centres in the provinces.

Shortage of office-room in London is not the only reason for this radical decentralization. The Government has rightly recognized that, in the matter of relieving the growing congestion of London, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and that if private businesses are to be encouraged to settle out of the capital, public departments should show the way.

There is a familiar ring about the idea of Government dispersal. Many civil servants have uncomfortable memories of exile during the war years, when Whitehall hastily descended upon Bath, Harrogate, the North Wales resorts and the other towns. For some departments, indeed, that exile continues, though many of the transported Londoners have returned. But the new exodus will not be to requisitioned offices and uncongenial billets. Where permanent buildings cannot be provided at once, there will be temporary premises of an approved type, and everything will be done to house the staffs suitably.

Though some of these 50,000 provincial civil servants may be recruited locally, many of them are likely to come from London at first. In some cases they will form no mean colony in their new homes. Sheffield is scheduled to receive 13,000 Post Office Savings Bank officials; Newcastle may finally accommodate 9,000 employees in the new branch of the Ministry of National Insurance already operating there; Blackpool will house 6,000 from the Ministry of Pensions; Bath, 4,000 from the Admiralty; Gloucester, up to 3,000 from the Air Ministry; Worthing, 2,400 from Inland Revenue; Durham, 2,000 from the Land Registry; while Southport, Chesterfield, Rochester and a dozen other towns up and down the country will receive smaller numbers from almost all the main departments.

(*Above*) Your number is here. A view of the headquarters of the Ministry of National Insurance at Longbenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It will eventually accommodate 9,000 civil servants

Quite apart from space difficulties in London and the need to set a good example in dispersal, these moves are a consequence of the huge increase in the size of the civil service over the last few decades. To-day there are about 720,000 non-industrial civil servants, over twice the total of the thirties. But the bureaucratic army was swiftly and surely expanding for over a century before that.

In 1911 the figure was 172,000; in 1891, 79,000; in 1871, 54,000; in 1851, soon after the introduction of the Penny Post, 39,000. Just after the Napoleonic Wars it was less than 25,000, and in 1797 there were a mere 16,000 civil servants to run the country. Simple arithmetic, which points no moral, will show that, while in 1797 (population of England and Wales, under 10,000,000) there was one public official to 600-odd citizens, in 1949 we have something like one to every sixty.

With 50,000 of its staff permanently in the provinces, Whitehall will have ventured far from its metropolitan tradition. For the country's public departments have concentrated in that area of Westminster ever since the Government was first centralized in Norman times.

Things were a little different before then. The civil servants of pre-Norman days—the Treasurer, in charge of the royal finances, and the Court Chaplains, responsible for the King's correspondence—were mobile. They travelled around England with the Court. But after 1066, because of the growing volume of business and the difficulties of (*Continued on page 56*)

Diamond Cut Diamond

How big business in diamonds is conducted in Hatton Garden—on the pavement, or in the café over a cup of tea. Here, merchants from Amsterdam bargain for stones, which they will double in value by skilful cutting

THE diamond has brought more trouble to mankind than any other precious stone, yet it is not the most valuable mineral product; it is not even the most valuable gemstone. It is cheap compared with radium, for instance, and even a perfect diamond is worth only one-third the value of a ruby of the same weight and quality. The fact is, the diamond is just rare enough to make the maximum appeal to human covetousness, and the large specimens are able to outvalue all other gems by virtue of their size.

The largest diamond ever found was the Cullinan, which weighed over a pound and a half before cutting, but the largest ruby was less than a pound and contained flaws. The Cullinan was four inches long, and a number of famous diamonds exceed two inches, but there are only six first-quality rubies that reach even three-quarters of an inch.

But the world of diamonds is full of paradoxes, and though the value goes up with size very large diamonds are really worth nothing at all! Experts put it another way—they say they are priceless, and at once proceed to cut them up till they are small enough for a price to be put upon them. For a diamond is of very little value in itself, and if nobody can afford to pay for the pleasure of simply owning it the finder's "luck" has brought him no riches.

The Excelsior diamond, which was found by a black boy, weighed 1,000 carats and was much too big for the market. Not even a lunatic millionaire would buy it. But cut up into a number of brilliants it fetched altogether £250,000—and incidentally provided a "tip" of £500 for its native discoverer. The Cullinan itself, now in the British Crown Jewels, was cut into two very large stones, seven moderate ones, and about a hundred more of various sizes.

(*On right*) Examining a stone on the pavement. "No, sir! The culasse of this brilliant needs re-cutting, and it won't pay me at your figure. But I'll buy this rosette . . ."

THE artificial nature of the value of jewels is well illustrated by Goldsmith: A mandarin wearing jewels on every part of his robe was once accosted by an old, sly bonze who, bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "Friend," cried the mandarin, "I never gave thee any of my jewels."—"No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them." Thus, the paradox of the diamond is that it is of no actual value to its owner till he has sold it, and then he is its owner no longer.

ALTOGETHER about fifty tons of diamonds have been extracted from the earth's crust, and before the war Britain was importing about a ton annually. Even so, all the diamonds now

(*On left*) Clinching a sale. Rough diamonds come to London's Hatton Garden, but few are cut there. Merchants from Holland buy them for cutting in Amsterdam, the centre of the world's diamond-cutting industry

Hatton Garden is the centre of the diamond business and for security the trade in rough diamonds is mostly done on the public pavement, or in an ordinary café. A man's pocket is esteemed the strongest kind of safe

In the topsy-turvy world of diamonds it is only the useless specimens that are prized, and the synthetic stones cost more than the natural

By Walter Shepherd

in Britain would go into a box five feet square and five feet high !

Small—and large—fortunes in diamonds have been smuggled out of the African mines, and in the early days they represented an appreciable porportion of the output. Some of the methods employed by the smugglers were very ingenious and well worth recounting.

All the usual tricks of concealment were, of course, tried, and when the miners began to be stripped and searched every time they left the diggings the natural hiding-places on the body were added to by artificial means. Deep "accidental" cuts, still bandaged, were found to contain stones pushed well under the skin, eyelids were lifted and more treasures blinked forth, fillings were hooked out of hollow teeth and rewarded the searchers handsomely, and the "sweetheart" spots on finger-nails were often found to have little sparkling "sweethearts" beneath them.

Large stones could not be concealed in such ways, yet they still disappeared from the mines. Some of the methods employed remain unknown, but in a typical case the smugglers made use of the private car of an executive who drove up to inspect the mine once a week. The job was fixed up between a miner and a man whose duty it was to attend to the cars which were constantly coming and going.

Cars are normally watched and searched, for diamonds have disappeared before now in radiators, gear-boxes, exhaust tubes and the upholstery, but the car of an executive is above suspicion and is merely guarded by a detective. The two smugglers arranged that this particular car should have a puncture just after entering the diggings, and, as usual, the odd-job man was told to change the wheel.

The stones had been passed to him by the miner, and he was able to slip them between the tube and cover of the punctured tyre. The executive drove away, the shift came to an end, and the hands were all searched and dismissed to their homes. But late that evening a paltry theft was reported to the police—somebody had stolen the spare wheel from the executive's car outside his hotel !

Another man who had successfully smuggled a small packet of diamonds out of the mine was surprised in his cottage by a visit from the detectives.

(*Continued on page* 56)

(*On left*) Sawing a diamond. The fine circular saw is made of a metal composition and coated with diamond dust. Olive oil is used as the lubricant

(*Below*) Cutting a diamond. The stone to be cut is held firmly in a piece of mortar, and is cut by the edge of another diamond revolving at high speed

(*Below*) Polishing a diamond. The stone is held in a block of special cement and laid on the surface of a revolving disc, which is covered with diamond dust and olive oil

The Centenary Of Sin Town

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Oh, California
That's the land for me
I'm going to Sacramento
With my washtub on my knee

San Francisco as it looked in 1848. The population then numbered a mere 150 traders, shopkeepers and artisans. But there was a newspaper, for "Old Glory" had then taken over

TO the tune of "O Susanna," so roared the Forty-Niners, forever famous in American history. Just one hundred years ago, the chorus rang out in sailing ship and covered wagon as the greatest of gold rushes was "on."

Those who went by sail had terrible times on the voyage round the Horn to the harbour of San Francisco. Others who transhipped at the Isthmus of Panama faced fever. The overlanders risked Indians and drought. Yet their way could be the least slow and speed was the essence—speed in reaching the diggings on the Sacramento River. In 1849, 25,000 covered wagons—each a crazy miniature home on wheels—another name was "prairie schooner"—crossed the Sierra Nevada into California.

What strikes one most to-day is not the getting there, but the shattering change that came over this corner of the continent inside four or five years at most.

We have ourselves witnessed Californian transformation under the impulse of two wars and the films. Why, I remember being in San Francisco when it was racing neck and neck in a "birth drive" with challenging Los Angeles. Each were then at the 600,000 mark and to-day "L. A." is the fourth city of the United States, with a population of two and a half millions.

Forget about such development!

Imagine yourselves before the mast with Richard Dana, trading Boston goods for hides up and down the Pacific Coast, between San Diego and Monterey, calling at Santa Barbara, "a town composed of about a hundred houses built of sun-baked clay." San Diego has far less, but is the best anchorage, safest from the terrific south-easters. Monterey is quite a place, the capital. About its Presidio and Mission live, perhaps, a thousand people, including even some *Ingles* (Americans and English).

Life is a blend of Old Spain, Mexico, and savages, and the last of the Dons, Vallejo, rules it.

So did old-world California continue to draw what were to be its final breaths, until 1847.

In that year the only settlement on San Francisco Bay was comprised of a dozen mud buildings; its name, Yerba Buena. On a hill could be seen the white Mission Dolores, and that was all. In mid-1848, the population still numbered a mere 150 traders, shopkeepers and artisans. But there was a newspaper, for "Old Glory" had taken over, and the name been changed to San Francisco.

By the end of 1848 a little hut-town of 1,500 enfevered souls had sprouted. Gold had been found up river, and, a year later, a roaring pioneer town of 30,000 people was in being. Note how we are not much more than two years on from that California of Old Spain. For the balance of the staggering change, I quote:

"From the tented town of 1849, San Francisco had become a well-built city of 100,000 people by the summer of 1852, boasting all the activities and physical equipment necessary to a metropolis. Art, religion, the theatre, newspapers, trade, and the Stock Exchange kept pace with scandal, graft, politics, gambling houses, and the courts."

But, e're we precipitate ourselves into what Gertrude Atherton presented as "the wickedest city on earth," allow me to present the true origin of it all: Johann Suter, handsome, young Swiss publisher's clerk.

Johann worked his way leisurely for five years across the American Continent, became John A. (*Continued on page* 58)

San Francisco in 1858 had become a well-built city of 100,000 people, boasting all the physical equipment necessary to a metropolis. A view of the main street

(*On left*) A general view of San Francisco taken in 1854 in the early days of photography

Possibilities Aren't Always Probabilities—

A Murder Mystery

By Frank King

Always Wash Your Hands

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

IT was insufferably close and stuffy in the bedroom. The long sultry day was dying to an appropriately dramatic accompaniment of thunder and lightning. Roger Dearden had always believed that an open window during an electrical storm was asking for trouble. On his instructions the doctor had just excluded the slightly less stagnant and oppressive air from outside.

Darkness fell rapidly from the cloud-packed sky. Roger Dearden, propped against his pillows, peered malevolently through the dusk at the boy and girl who stood at the foot of the bed, facing him defiantly. With a gesture of impatience, he reached up for the hanging switch and snapped the light on. In its sudden glare, his grey-bearded features looked pale and wan. But there was little of the invalid in the fierce glitter of his eyes. He was used to having his own way.

"Has neither of you a scrap of sense?" he demanded angrily.

Kenneth Woodward's hands gripped the foot of the bed. His face, too, was pale—with the effort to fight down a rising temper.

"We think we are being sensible, Uncle," he said, trying to keep his voice quiet. "We love one another; and we know our own minds."

The girl beside him shrugged irritably. Ann Gelder had never practised controlling her natural impulses.

"Why shouldn't we get married, anyhow?" she cried. "Why are you so much against it?"

"I've already told you that," said Dearden.

"You've told me something—which I don't believe." She cast a scornful glance at the back of Doctor Clifford, still at the window. "I believe you're just mad because you've made plans of your own, and they aren't working out."

"Ann!" whispered Kenneth. "Don't make things worse."

"It's time he heard a few hometruths." She shook her red curls. "He mustn't think he can rule my whole life just because he happens to be my guardian."

Roger Dearden's eyes blazed more fiercely.

"While you're my ward," he shouted, "you'll do as I say."

"You'll see," she prophesied, mutinous.

Lightning tore through the clouds, silhouetting the figure of Doctor Basil Clifford against its momentary brilliance. He turned from the window. There was a troubled smile on his grave ascetic features.

"Please," he said softly. "This is no time for any serious discussion. You're upset, Roger. So are Kenneth and Ann. This darned weather puts everyone's nerves on edge. Starts quarrels, and keeps 'em going. Why not leave things alone for the present? Wait until you can talk them over calmly and——"

"You keep out of this, Cliff," interrupted Dearden. "It's going to be settled to-night."

ANN shook her red curls. "He mustn't think he can rule my whole life just because he happens to be my guardian!"

"Well, if you insist on starting a row, I'll get along. It's no business of——"

"Better stay. I'd like you to know what happens. Besides, I'll probably need some attention when I'm through."

Clifford opened his mouth to speak again, thought better of it and sat down. Roger Dearden frowned at his nephew.

"It isn't as though I'm definitely forbidding the marriage," he said. "I'm merely asking you to postpone it until my guardianship is finished."

Kenneth's handsome young face darkened.

"That's two years," he said. "We don't feel like waiting so long."

"It's only two years since you——"

"Must you bring that up again?"

"I want to make sure that you——"

Ann Gelder leaned forward over the bed.

"Stop it!" she flamed. "And listen to me! You did damn all to help Kenneth when he came out of the R.A.F. You couldn't understand why he should have any difficulty in settling down to civil life again. I could—because I'd had some of the other. He was headstrong and he was wild. He did things he oughtn't to have done. So what? Has it never happened before? He soon stopped acting the fool. He pulled up his socks. He's worked hard—damned hard! He's satisfied me—and I'm the one who counts just now, thank you." Scorn rang in her

voice. "We're not going to wait until *you're* sure that he'll go straight in future." She laughed shortly, and again her gaze flickered to Doctor Clifford. "That's just an excuse. You know as well as I do that Ken's all right."

A roll of thunder shook the house. The room grew more oppressive. Doctor Clifford fumbled for his cigarette case.

"I told you," he said gently. "Nerves on edge. Quarrelling. Why not leave it? Why argue about——"

"I've finished arguing." Dearden wiped his face with a handkerchief. "I'm going into action. To-morrow I make a new will, cutting out ——"

"You wouldn't do that, Roger."

"There's only one way of stopping me." The invalid smiled unpleasantly. "You're expecting something when I'm gone, Kenneth. You too, Ann. And you're both right—provided you're sensible. But unless you promise here and now to postpone this marriage as I suggest, you'll not get a penny—either of you."

Kenneth looked at Ann. Her angry face softened, and there was nothing unpleasant about the smile she gave him. He straightened his shoulders.

"We'll manage," he said. "That doesn't alter our decision."

"Well, here's something that will!" muttered Dearden furiously.

He sat up in bed and reached over to the bedside table. Pulling a drawer open he brought out a wallet; and from the wallet a cheque which he thrust towards Kenneth with trembling fingers.

"Recognize it?" he snarled. "All your own work—though it's supposed to be my signature."

Kenneth stared at him dumbly. Ann bit her red lips. Doctor Clifford rose to his feet and advanced towards the bed.

"Let's tear that up, Roger," he said, holding out his hand. "It's ancient history. Finished. Done with."

"It's still a forgery." Dearden snatched the cheque out of danger and put it back into the wallet. "And if I hear any more about this marriage, it goes straight to the police."

He replaced the wallet in the drawer and wiped his face again.

"Keep that in mind, both of you," he sneered, sinking back against his pillows. "It's all I have to say—except to assure you that I mean it—so you can go now." He turned to the doctor. "For heaven's sake give me a decent dose of something, or I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

"I fancy you need it," agreed Clifford, opening his bag.

Without a word Ann took Kenneth's hand, urging him from the room. As she opened the door, furtive footsteps sounded in the corridor, hurriedly retreating. She looked out and saw a black dress disappearing into another room.

"Mrs. Florey," she whispered. "Listening at the door."

"Hell!" muttered Kenneth. "Does it matter?"

They went downstairs into the lounge. He prowled about uneasily. His face was hopeless. Ann tried to comfort him.

Parker, the manservant, brought in drinks. He was a wizened old fellow, grey and dried up, with a malicious twist to his thin-lipped mouth. Almost immediately, Doctor Clifford joined them, running a handkerchief between his collar and his neck.

"Phew! What a night!" he murmured. "Like an oven."

"Have a drink?" asked Ann.

"Thanks. I could do with one."

Parker moved towards the door.

"Will Mr. Roger require anything further, sir?" he inquired.

"No," replied Clifford. "He's settling now. Said I'd to tell you not to disturb him again."

"Very good, sir."

As Parker went out, Kenneth emptied his glass and refilled it.

"I hope you gave him an overdose," he said unpleasantly.

Clifford laughed. "That would solve the problem, wouldn't it? A nasty business. I've

never known Roger so vindictive. Probably the heat. It plays the devil with heart cases." His voice softened. "But don't worry too much, Kenneth. He's not a bit likely to carry out his threat."

"If he does, I'll——"

"Steady, boy. No use losing your temper. Storms of this sort often blow over." Clifford paused, listening to a crash of thunder. "Just like the one outside will," he added. "If you take my advice, you'll forget all about it to-night and see what morning brings."

MORNING brought peace outside—and something very different inside.

At seven thirty Parker burst into Kenneth Woodward's bedroom. His wizened face was alarmed, his thin-lipped mouth twitching.

"Will you come, sir?" he gasped. "Mr. Roger—haemorrhage——"

Startled, Kenneth sat up. "He's not—dead?"

"Must be. All that bleeding—dreadful!"

Kenneth slid out of bed and ran along the corridor to his uncle's room.

"Good Lord!" he muttered, halting on the threshold.

Roger Dearden lay motionless on his back. His eyes were closed, his face grey. No movement of his chest could be detected. The top half of the bedcoverings were sodden with blood.

Kenneth advanced to the bed and turned down the wet coverings to find his uncle's wrist. It was warm and flaccid, but he couldn't feel any pulse.

"Is he dead, sir?" asked Parker.

"'Fraid so. But it must be—very recent. We'd better get Doctor Clifford here at once. Will you phone?"

Parker hurried from the room. Kenneth wiped his bloodstained fingers on a handkerchief. He was moving towards the handbasin when he heard footsteps outside. He strode to the door. Ann Gelder, wearing a dressing-gown over her pyjamas, greeted him with a smile.

"A lot of dashing about this morning," she commented. "Anything wrong?"

He told her. The colour vanished from her soft cheeks.

"What's happened to him?"

"I don't know. Parker's phoning for Clifford. No, don't go in. It—it's not pleasant."

"He hasn't been—killed, has he?"

"I tell you I don't know. We've got to wait."

Mrs. Florey, the housekeeper, came quickly upstairs. She was a handsome well preserved woman of about fifty. Her fine eyes looked anxious, frightened.

"Parker's just phoned for Doctor Clifford," she said at once. "What's the matter with Mr. Roger?"

"We don't quite know yet," replied Kenneth.

"He's dead, isn't he?"

"We can't be sure until Doctor Clifford comes."

"Let me see him. God! If anyone's harmed him——"

"Better keep out." Kenneth closed the door and stood with his back to it. "We must wait for the doctor."

Jane Florey advanced angrily. Her mouth writhed, and for a moment it seemed that she intended to force her way past him. Then, abruptly, she turned aside, stifling a sob.

Ann looked at Kenneth. He stared straight in front of him, avoiding meeting her gaze. After her momentary outburst, Mrs. Florey stood like a statue.

They waited. It was not long before they heard the house door open and shut. Doctor Clifford ran upstairs, with Parker close behind. Kenneth opened the bedroom door, and followed the doctor in.

"He's dead, all right," muttered Clifford, after one glance at the bed. "Glory! What a mess!"

As he turned down the bedcoverings, a startled exclamation escaped him. In Roger Dearden's bloodsoaked pyjama jacket a small cut was now clearly visible; and when the jacket was opened, an incised wound of the chest.

"He's been stabbed! Seen anything of the weapon?"

Kenneth shook his head. Mrs. Florey's voice, trembling with suppressed hysteria sounded from the door.

"There should be a sharp paperknife on the bedside table. I—I can't see it now."

"It's gone," agreed Clifford. "And I noticed it there myself last night."

He began to look round the room. In a moment he halted beside the handbasin. It was half full of water, stained red. At the bottom lay the missing paperknife.

"That's the weapon," he said, peering down at it. "We mustn't touch it." He straightened and turned to the others. "Strange," he added thoughtfully.

"What is?" asked Ann.

"Roger was stabbed within the last hour. His body's quite warm, and the blood hasn't had time to coagulate. Evidently you've had a burglar. Funny that none of you has heard or seen anything of him."

Parker advanced a step into the room. His thin-lipped mouth was aslant, and he watched Kenneth while speaking.

"If you'll excuse me, Doctor, that can't be right," he said slowly. "I bolted the door when you went last night. I unbolted it to let you in this morning. Every window was securely fastened because of the storm. No one has entered or left the house since last night."

"Are you sure of that, Parker? About the windows, I mean."

"I checked them over while waiting for you to arrive."

There was a tense silence. Doctor Clifford's throat jerked as he swallowed. His studious ascetic features had hardened.

"Well, that alters things, of course," he said eventually. "I never dreamed that.... Surely it can't be? No one of you would be such a fool as to.... There must be a mistake somewhere."

He paused, looking at the four people present. The silence persisted. His face grew more uneasy.

"And yet," he went on, "there's no getting away from the facts. We'll have to notify the police, and they'll say...."

"Why talk about it so much?" muttered Kenneth sullenly. "Why prolong the agony?"

"I can't believe that any of you four...."

"Whatever you believe," said Ann, "they'll have to be told—and quickly." She moved towards Kenneth and groped for his hand. Her face was unnaturally pale. "There's just one thing. Need we tell them about our ... quarrel with Guardian last night?"

The answer came at once—in Mrs. Florey's shrill tones.

"You'll (*Continued on page 74*)

JANE FLOREY advanced angrily. Her mouth writhed and for a moment it seemed that she intended to force her way past him

JACK M. FAULKS.

Two typical fishermen of Wales. (On left) W. E. Rutland who is a member of the crew of the Mumbles lifeboat, and Jack Garner who is also a member of the crew and son of the coxswain

Fishermen

By Richard Perry

BY the time the landlord performs the time-honoured ritual of switching on the nine o'clock news there is such a din in the tap-room, with all the fishermen arguing at the top of their voices, that he might just as well have saved himself the trouble. When, all your life, you have been shouting to make yourself heard above the clanking of the boat's engine and the surge and roar of the sea, you don't stop for a little thing like the news, which no one pays any attention to, each man continuing to emphasize his own particular point of view by banging pewter-mug bottom on table-top and stabbing the baccy-blue fug with long clay-pipe stem. Fishermen, being strong individualists, with either their own boat or at least a share in a boat, are always arguing, for every man reckons he knows the best fishing banks and the best holes for lobsters and crabs, and is prepared to uphold his views every day of the year, heatedly—with battered "cheese-cutter" tipped well back from leathery, reddened face, weathered by fifty years of stinging brine—assisted by a succession of well-directed expectorations into sawdust spittoon.

However, by ten o'clock the innkeeper, himself a fisherman, is calling for closing-time; and, heaving at broad leather belts, his customers, still arguing, make their way out of the snug lamp-lit tap-room, with its gleaming brasses and glowing fire, into the pitchy blackness of the unlighted village. Out there the feel of the wind, the roaring of the sea on the north shore, the starless sky lead to further argument about weather prospects for the next morning's fishing : but these are cut short by a heavy gust of wind bowling down the long, straight street, and the men break up and clatter home over the cobbled sidewalks, each to his low white-washed cottage.

(On right) Harry Punnett, 70-year-old Folkestone fisherman, who has "swallowed the anchor"—in other words returned—after more than fifty years at sea. He is seen getting the lines ready for rebaiting

(On left) Ned Pengelly, owner-skipper of the Looe, Cornwall, fishing-boat *Silver Crest* weighs his night's catch of fish

But, while the village is now quiet, with doors of all four inns closed, there is always someone awake at any hour of the night. Up on the grassy cliff above the village the coastguard, on bad-weather watch, sits in his dimly lit little hut, fighting against sleep during the long weary hours from midnight to eight o'clock, rousing up with a start every now (*Continued from page* 61)

ACTOR AND HIGHWAYMAN

The Exploits—Romantic And Otherwise—Of "Scum" Goodman, The Handsome Member Of The King's Players At Drury Lane.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

"SCUM" GOODMAN they called him, not inaptly, at Drury Lane, though, as the son of a devout churchman, he had been christened Cardonell. At Cambridge he was dandy more than scholar, strutting about in extravagant finery and getting up to all kinds of mischief. It was regarded as more than a "rag," even in the Restoration days of the Merry Monarch, when he slashed to bits a portrait of the Chancellor, the Duke of Monmouth—whether for political reasons, or simply because the rebellious ducal face annoyed him, one does not know, but he was sent down in disgrace.

Handsome, reckless, dare-devil, with a shapely leg and taking manner that enabled him to strike attitudes, what better could he do than join the King's players at Drury Lane? The Restoration theatre was good for a man's vanity if not always for his purse, because the fops, courtiers and fashionable ladies of the town were privileged to display themselves on the stage in all their powdered and perfumed elegance. The actor could play to them and not worry unduly about the groundlings.

BY 1678, we know, young Goodman was fairly established, for we find him joining with the celebrated Charles Killigrew, Hart, Mohun and Burt in a petition to the Lord Chamberlain to stop Nathaniel Lee and Dryden taking their new play *Œdipus* to the rival Dorset Gardens Theatre—the one a sharer and the other a pensioner of the house, "they being the only Poets remaining to us." It was a time

Goodman, handsome, reckless, dare-devil, with a shapely leg and taking manner that enabled him to strike attitudes, what better could he do than join the King's players at Drury Lane?

Goodman as highwayman was a failure. Evidently, being an actor, he was too punctilious and mock-gallant about ceremonial. When he held up a coach he did it, so to speak, before an audience.

The professional Gentlemen of the Road were much more abrupt and businesslike, despite the Turpin romancing about them. They grabbed the jewels and money and beat it, without necessarily waiting to kiss the hand of their prettiest victim and exchange a crack or two with the coachman. True, it was long before the "999" days, but travellers sometimes carried noisy blunderbusses as well as pistols and rapiers, the King's men were on the prowl, dalliance was dangerous.

Heedless of the need for expertise, even in highway robbery, "Scum" was

of trouble for the players. Charles and his brother Henry quarrelled about the management. Thomas Gray, the treasurer, walked out. The theatre closed down, and Goodman, with others, including Gray and the popular Mrs. Corey, migrated to Edinburgh to play in a house in Canongate which the dramatist Thomas St. Serfe used as a theatre.

Mrs. Corey, one of the first actresses at the Lane, and, indeed, on the English stage, must have been a trouper after Goodman's heart, for she had once caused a riot by burlesquing Lady Harvey, an enemy of the Royal mistress, Lady Castlemaine, and was arrested for her pains—until Castlemaine procured her release and told her to do it again, preferably before the King, and even though Harvey hirelings hissed her and bombarded her with rotten oranges, which they duly did.

IN Edinburgh the players were patronised by the Duke of York, heir to the throne, when he came to Holyrood as High Commissioner for Scotland, and called themselves—without Royal patent—"His Majesty's Comedians." But what was Canongate to the Lane? Charles Killigrew, wooing them back to London with fine promises, offered to pay their fare. In February 1680 the Duke was returned to town; with him would go their court patrons. Apparently the players travelled with his retinue, and a merry party it must have been.

They returned to the Lane to find conditions worse, not better. The quarrels went on. There were thefts of property, clothes, books in which Henry Killigrew evidently had some share. The productions lost money. Even as a leading actor "Scum" had never earned more than £2 a week; now he couldn't get that.

He was reduced to sharing an attic with a fellow-player, Griffin, and the time came when they had but one good shirt between them, which they shared in turn for special occasions. A very special occasion was one evening when both wanted the shirt to keep a date with a charming lady. They quarrelled over it, then duelled with swords. Both were hurt and, worse still, in the struggle the shirt was a complete write-off. . . .

THE theatre closed, reopened. In the summer it often played to less than £4. Some nights the audience was so small that it had to be sent away with its money back. What to do? Go out and get money if you couldn't earn it.

"Scum" took the road with horse and pistols to play the most dangerous part in his career—so far. But as highwayman he was a failure. Evidently, being an actor, he was too punctilious and mock-gallant about ceremonial—and striking the proper attitudes. When he held up a coach he did it, so to speak, before an audience.

quickly cornered and lodged in Newgate to await the noose. He would have ended forthwith on the gallows had he not bethought himself of the slashing of the Monmouth portrait and the meeting with Monmouth's enemy, the Duke of York and future James II., in Edinburgh. He caused the Royal ear to be mindful of these things, and was pardoned for what, after all, in an actor seemed more like a fancy-dress escapade. . . .

BACK at the Lane, which appears to have relished the publicity and exploited it, his fortunes turned in the direction of success and money. He took over many of Hart's star parts, including "Alexander the Great," his biggest hit, "Julius Cæsar" and "Valentinian" in Rochester's play. He even bagged the Royal mistress. . .

Castlemaine, now Duchess of Cleveland, nearing forty, and seven years his senior, wanted to pique Charles with a scandalous flirtation. Her choice was the swaggering "Alexander," who now put on insolent airs and played to her as if no one else in the theatre mattered.

Once when the Queen was to occupy the Royal Box he brandished his sword and demanded with an oath: "Is my Duchess come?" Told "No," he vowed: "Then the curtain shall not be drawn until she does come!" and refused to go on until she was seated. The management was furious at the scandal that

would ensue were Her Majesty kept waiting, but luckily the Duchess arrived just in time for the delay to pass unnoticed. It was typical of him to imagine that he could keep the King's wife waiting for the King's mistress at a time when his liaison with her was the talk of the town.

In 1684, shortly before Charles's death, the talk became a sensational hubbub. "Scum" was implicated in an alleged plot to poison two of the Duchess's children by the King because he had a grudge against them and they stood in the way of his advancement. He was arrested, charged with "conspiring and endeavouring to poyson the Dukes of Grafton and Northumberland," and put on trial—not for attempted murder but for misdemeanour, an indictment presumably softened by the Duchess's intercession, though it was believed that he had engaged a hireling to commit the crime.

He pleaded not guilty, but refused to explain why he had been seen loitering near Cleveland House at the time. The Duchess supported his case, which indicated either that he was innocent or that she had a heart more compassionate to her lover than to her children. He escaped imprisonment with "sureties for good behaviour for life" and a £1,000 fine, which ruined him financially, for although she still bestowed her favours on him there is no evidence of any attempt on her part to help him pay it. How he did contrive to pay it is a mystery; possibly he received help through secret, indirect channels which were no mystery to her.

AFTER Charles II.'s death rumour was again busy hinting that the Duchess had secretly borne a child to Goodman—and within two weeks two of the scandalmongers who helped to spread the story were reputed to have been killed in duels by her son Henry, the Duke of Grafton, who challenged them in defence of his mother's honour, or what was left of it.

When William came to the throne she had long disputes with the Treasury concerning her pensions. In financial difficulties—for her tastes were always extravagant—she gambled heavily, often turning her own home into a gaming house, with the irrepressible "Scum" as croupier, and not, we imagine, a very scrupulous one at that.

Eventually he figured in another plot, this time to assassinate William for a large sum, as a Jacobite hireling. When the plot leaked out he was again arrested, and turned King's evidence. His life was in danger from those implicated, who feared that he would incriminate them. They offered him a pension of £500 a year to flee the country.

The last we know of "Scum" is that he fled to France and is said to have ended his days in the Bastille. He was the only actor of note who ever doubled the role with that of highwayman—according to one story he actually went back to the road a second time when things were bad. He knew poverty and riches, failure and success, chambermaids and a King's duchess, almost everything in that frivolous Restoration reign from dregs to . . . "Scum."

[END.]

Goodman figured in a plot to assassinate William, and when arrested turned King's evidence. His life was then in danger, so he fled to France, and is said to have ended his days in the Bastille.

Nature Article

The Playful Squirrel

By Frank W. Lane

SQUIRRELS are among the most playful of all British mammals. Spot one peering cheekily at you from one side of a tree and he will apparently play hide-and-seek with you for as long as you are prepared to keep up the game. Much of their charm is no doubt on account of their faery-like appearance but something of the elf seems ingrained in their very nature.

The true British squirrel is red, the much more prevalent grey is really an alien from America. The red is far more beautiful. In fact there is no more beautiful mammal in these islands than the tiny golden-red sprite with the white waistcoat and feathery ears that flits about the tree-tops, or scampers across our path intent on earnest business.

But let no one imagine that the red squirrel is all sugary sweetness. That energetic little body hides a mercurial temperament, and those who have kept pet squirrels testify to the vehemence of their anger when something—or somebody—upsets them. Phyllis Kelway says she was once attacked by a pet squirrel which bit her finger and held on with a bulldog-like grip until its teeth reached the bone. Even a wild squirrel will sometimes show fight. A mother, guarding her young, twice flew at someone birds-nesting too near her drey and cut the intruder's shirt with her needle-like teeth.

The long fluffy tail, half as long as head and body combined, serves the red squirrel as a counterpane at night, and as a parachute when baling out from a lofty tree. Various muscles enable the tail to be flattened so that the hairs stick out horizontally (to help in balancing), or to become a miniature busby when the hairs stick out directly from the centre. In this condition the tail can be used as a sort of hairy rearguard to confuse pursuing enemies, or as an offensive mop to jab into the mouth of a foe during a needle bout.

There's nothing squirrels like better than peanuts and this pair of the alien grey variety seem to be enjoying their meal off them

Folklore attributes another use for the tail—as a sail when crossing rivers seated on a piece of driftwood! It is true squirrels can swim for a good distance, but any attempts at amateur yachting are more likely to have been as a result of clambering aboard a piece of wood while in mid-stream rather than deliberately setting sail from the shore.

Squirrels are extremely active animals. C. H. D. Clarke observed one squirrel to pick a thousand pine cones in a day, or roughly half a bushel. He estimated that this daily harvest represented a total distance travelled of thirty-five miles, much of it up and down pine trees. Such a mileage sounds impossible but people who have kept pet squirrels with exercising wheels in their cages testify to the vast distances ran by the squirrels. One man computed that if a squirrel (*Continued on page* 61)

This pair of grey squirrels seem to be exchanging confidences on the quality of the peanuts they have just eaten

(*On left*) Two baby grey squirrels. One is taking a drink of milk from a fountain pen filler, the other one has already had his ration as he has a spot of milk on his nose

A Lass And A Lackey

A Post-War Romance Which Nearly Ended Like Most War Romances

By Alan Hyder

THE death of a regime must automatically propagate in its travails another regime that will, no matter how it differs in detail, be founded upon a skeletal frame-work of class. Here the intelligentzia and ultra Leftists can tip-toe quietly away in their sandals so that this opening sentence need not be set up in hysterical italics. Letitia had married out of her class.

More, such unhappiness as had resulted from her marriage was solely due to her removal from the working class.

It was a post-war romance and, unlike war romances, it was not a flash in the pan but a steadily burning conflagration: despite the ensuing unhappiness.

Letitia met Crispin on the bleak, mist-cloaked Lizard: that Cornish promontory where an aerodrome is hewed on wastes over which it seems many ancient wars have been fought and Time has not yet reached the scars; a desolate expanse of brake and sea-turf with witch-hollows full of brambles like rusty barbed-wire and out-cropping stone like the half-buried flanks of long dead mastodons: an ugly landscape into which gray tarmac runways and vast gaunt hangars and semi-round Nissen huts fitted with disfigurement.

Letitia, W.A.A.F., brunette with indigo blue eyes, as lissome as a stripped withy yet with feminine curves emphasized by the dungarees she wore, came furtively carrying a metal jug, illegally absent from a working party to fetch unofficial tea from the "Y.M." Preparatory to a dash across the open she glanced back to ensure that she was unobserved and hurried, not looking where she was going, into the arms of a young man in pyjamas who, tousled and sleepy-eyed, had just emerged irritably from his quarters.

"I've been on duty all night," he said, not releasing her. "I came out to slaughter the man in that hut who is playing a putridinous concertina."

Letitia wondered if her cheeks were grease-smeared.

"But I've discovered it is a lovely morning," he went on. "And that concertina—it sounds like an æolian harp."

"Yes," Letitia said. And because the pyjamas her heart was beating so furiously against were silk, she added "Sir."

There was an age of silence really quite momentary.

"Out of this world as I am at the moment it seems this is a contact to be resumed. Definitely. I regret its necessary curtailment now," he went on at last. "It's a date. To-night at seven. And, I hope, every night. I'll run you into St. Ives and let that artistic colony eye you and envy me."

Erroneously concluding that she could not possibly have smeared cheeks Letitia, breathless, nodded.

"And now, I suppose," he sighed. "I shall have to release you. There's sure to be something in King's Regs. against it. And that tin can you're dangling against my left scapula is distinctly chilly."

Watching her go he called: "I go, not to bury the concertina, but to praise it."

SUCH a long day Letitia found it until the evening when his car, a supercharged Bentley, waited half a mile from the 'drome in the narrow, earth-walled road. Before letting her in he examined her critically, reaffirming his judgment.

"Impossible to fault."

In the Sloop Inn, alone, pressed tight by the crowd, they learned about each other.

Flight Lieutenant Sir Crispin—"You'll have to call me Smiths like everyone else or make up your own little pet name"—Rehan, son of the first baronet who had made a fortune in the production and sales of the Rehan Patent Crank-shaft Bearing and had married very late in life and died soon afterwards of a surfeit of self-laudation at this unexpected production of a second baronet; and his wife Lady Violet who had borne her son when in the late forties and had aged rapidly after that surprising event. Crispin had led a sheltered life in the big house Four Winds which lorded it over the village of Penny Mill close to Woking with intervals at Repton and Cambridge: until the advent of the war.

Letitia was one of a large and lusty family whose parents ran a green-grocer's shop in Clapham. She had left her council school at fourteen, studied during the evening to obtain her matriculation without quite knowing what for, and, at nineteen, found herself in the W.A.A.F.

There was the difference between them. Despite this they were married four weeks later; a Registry Office wedding in Cornwall.

Crispin's two relatives, his mother Lady Violet and her elder sister Aunt Daisy, attended, with one of Letitia's brothers on leave from his ship at Plymouth. And even the scales of love did not blind Letitia to the difference between her flight lieutenant husband and her bell-bottomed, hail-fellow-well-met matelot brother. But it did not worry her any more than it worried Crispin.

Red Gifkins, A.C.1 was at the ceremony also. He refused to act as best man, but very sportingly, he had come along to wish Letitia luck—he thought Crispin had all the luck necessary to *his* well-being—and to bring a gold-papered bottle of champagne for which he had scoured Cornwall up to the Tamar. Red Gifkins, as will be surmised was auburn-haired, electric as an eel, who, when he wasn't a mechanic in the R.A.F., ran a rather mysterious one-horse-power motor cycle repair shop close to Clapham. He would, it had seemed, have made an ideal mate for Letitia. Letitia herself had nearly got into that way of thinking. Red had always thought so. Yes. It was sporting of him to attend that wedding. After which he disappeared, hidden away until the transfer he applied for came through.

Letitia did not see Red again until she had been married for over two years. Though, unknown to her, he had peeped at her with an occasional inquiring, solicitous eye. Then, as Red had the facility for doing, he reappeared at a most opportune—or inopportune—moment; just as Letitia's marriage stock was slumping steeply.

Throughout the remainder of their service—Crispin, Letitia and Red were due for discharge almost simultaneously—neither Crispin or Letitia could discern even a gnat in the amber of their keen delight. It was later, when Letitia, W.A.A.F., had become Lady Letitia and was installed at Four Winds, adored by Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy and all the servants, and Crispin was pushing the receded Rehan Patent Crank-shaft Bearing in all the markets of the globe that the dis became attached to the content.

Four Winds was an absurd misnomer. The rambling, many-gabled house, secluded in tall trees, existed in an atmosphere as tranquil outside as it was calm and unruffled inside. And, indeed, a maelstrom from a tea-cup would have created havoc inside so chock-full with Victorian knick-knacks were all the rooms. Walls were covered with paintings, by Watts, Landseer and Burne-Jones, and where there was room for a whatnot there was

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

a whatnot and, crowding it, gewgaws. There were Louis-Quatorze couches and bulbous-legged circular tables of satinwood. It was a Victoria and Albert Museum. And one could probably exist happily enough in a V. and A.—as a curator, or even a duster or polisher or cleaner. With its Victorian character Four Winds had also preserved, miraculously, a retinue of grey and aged servants.

Letitia's life became as enervating as a travelogue film depicting life in a strange country endlessly reeled in a Turkish Bath.

Aunt Daisy, seventy-six and springy as a whip thong, ran the house with a competency into which Letitia had vainly endeavoured to intrude. "My dear, you are young and beautiful. There is no need for you to do anything except enjoy yourself." Thus Aunt Daisy. And Lady Violet, seventy, but seeming twice as old as Aunt Daisy, would be prostrated at the very thought of Letitia, whom they all adored so, desiring anything but playtime. They regarded her as a child : a very darling child.

With nothing to do but enjoy herself Letitia could not enjoy herself.

For Crispin was mostly absent. The Rehan Patent Crank-shaft Bearing, y'know, had gone down-hill terribly during the war, almost ousted by other crank-shafts. It had to be worked up again.

All play and no work makes Jill a bad girl.

Though how long that adage requires to become operative heaven alone knows because, came the afternoon Letitia was in her room on the second floor watching the slants of gold from the afternoon sun probing the muslin curtains. It was her room but she had never been able to make it her own. "My dear, one of the servants will do that for you." Inelegantly sprawled in ennui on the four-poster bed she called: "Come in," and Arabella in starched apron, black-skirted to elastic-sided boots, embroidery butterflied on the iron-grey, tight-pulled smoothness of her hair, entered.

"A person at the door to see you, m'lady. The back door!" Her sniff placed the exclamation mark. Then, because Letitia could do no wrong even at the back door she smiled.

Letitia went through the old-fashioned kitchen with its rows of polished pans and snow-white, scrubbed tables and red and black tiled floor where she would have so dearly loved to work, to the flagged yard where once upon a time horses had exercised. There was an ancient Rolls there now, garaged beneath a flat

LETITIA, not looking where she was going fell into the arms of a young man in pyjamas who, tousled and sleepy-eyed, had just emerged irritably from his quarters

that housed an ancient driver who could never be persuaded to remove the straw from his mouth when he took the majestic vehicle slowly through the lanes about Penny Mill. There was a sports jacket in the yard that would have been distinctive at Epsom on Derby Day and the oriflamme of an American-imported tie: Red Gifkins, late R.A.F. Almost, but not quite because the servants were grouped suspiciously close to window and door, Letitia flung herself into his arms. She could not contain a squeal of delight.

"Been looking at the auto," Red said, nodding at the garage. "Blimey! I bet it looks lonely on the road without a cortege." He examined Letitia, frowning slightly. "Nice to see you again. But you don't seem overbrimming with the joy of life." He could not be coaxed in. "This way after some spares I heard about," he explained needlessly. He stepped back and looked up at the house with what in other than a Cockney might have been awe. "Stately pile, huh." He looked at Letitia again. "Not that it seems to have done you a lot of good."

"If you won't come in you won't," Letitia gripped his arm. "I'll walk down to Penny Mill with you. There's a café. We could pretend it's the Y.M. over again.'

In an Olde Worlde tea-room thick white crockery, a brown pot of pale gold tea, and a pallid pile of rock-cakes which could better be described as dough-cakes were brought them by a thin spinster in brown silk with a 'We had to leave Injah' accent.

"Crying?" Red asked when they were alone.

Letitia knuckled her eyes and valiantly essayed a smile.

"Just that I—I——"

"Not finding life too happy?"

"Yes. Of course!" Then: "No. Not really. Time passes so slowly."

Red said "Ah!" in a tone that might have meant anything or nothing.

Quickly Letitia said: "I ought to be happy. I really ought. But——"

"Ah!" Red said again.

It irritated Letitia, that monosyllable: as if Red were omniscient. She began to reminisce over the excitements and the boredoms of the aerodrome on The Lizard.

"Happy days, eh," Red said.

Letitia fell silent. Until she sighed.

"Oh, Red! I wish—I wish——"

"What?"

"That—that this rock-cake was a trifle rockier." She caught hold of herself and crumbled the subterfuge. "I am silly. But——"

As though aimlessly, off on another exploratory tack, Red said: "Four Winds has a lovely garden." Surreptitiously he eyed her.

"Just a big shrubbery. It could be beautiful. I wish I could get to work on it."

"Oh. They won't let you?"

"They would, of course. They're so sweet. I've *tried* to explain I'd love to have something to do. But they both live on in a vanished Victorian world and can't understand. And I can't upset them by letting them see I'm not enjoying life with them. I simply can't. They are such old dears. I—I just lounge about, try to read, play tennis, or go into Penny Mill to the cinema. But Four Winds turns upside down if I'm a few minutes late so the edge goes off that."

THE bell did not cease ringing after she had opened the door to reveal Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy, because Aunt Daisy, goggling at the trilby on the hall-stand, kept her finger agitatedly on the press button until Letitia took it away for her

"Being killed by kindness, eh?" Red lit two cigarettes. "That should be bearable."

"Not the kindness. It's the idleness I find unbearable. It's killing me. Red, I'm a working girl. I ought to be doing something, dusting, cleaning, anything, not just lying around. I've tried to learn to sew: the only thing they wouldn't mind seeing me work at. But I never could sew. Oh! I'm like a canary in a cage being fed on sugar when it's dying to go out and dig worms."

"I've wondered. Often. In fact I've kept——" Red drew heavily on his cigarette. Then: "Letty! I still feel the same way if——"

"No, Red. Not now. Not just now."

Red imagined he had almost glimpsed surrender. (*Continued on page 62*)

1. A general view of Fair Isle, which lies halfway between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. It figures regularly in the wireless meteorological reports

2. The south harbour on Fair Isle showing the lighthouse and post office

3. Sheep Craig, a dominating feature of Fair Isle, and the site of the proposed bird observatory. Its seaward sloping top is crowned with ten acres of beautiful pasture

Favoured Fair Isle

Where The Finest Bird Observatory In Europe Is To Be Established

By Harold J. Shepstone

FAIR ISLE, the lovely and appropriate name of Britain's loneliest island, is once again in the news. It has been bought by a Scottish ornithologist who is establishing a bird observatory on the island. So the "fair isle," long renowned for its dramatic wrecks, Spaniards, world-famous hosiery, and featuring regularly in all weather forecasts, will possess yet another unique asset to keep it continuously in the public eye.

It seems you just cannot keep this tiny island off the north coast of Scotland out of the news. Whatever the weather and however hosiery fashions change, the name of Fair Isle is always well to the fore. But its publicity is well earned and well deserved, and even this new bird-watching centre was conceived in unusual circumstances. For Mr. George Waterson and Mr. Ian Pitman, two Scottish ornithologists, first discussed the idea of a bird observatory on the island when they were both prisoners-of-war in the same camp in Germany. Their ordeal in the grim, hated environment was considerably lightened by a cherished dream to acquire Fair Isle in order to carry out their plans without hindrance. At times it appeared to be an impossible whim, but now the dream has become a reality, and Fair Isle will soon boast of the leading bird observatory in Europe, a more than worthy successor to the Heligoland of pre-war days.

The Copper Ring

Vic Dilnot's Passion For The Female Sex Led Him To Disaster And Ruin

By Barry Perowne

THE dusty parade ground of the Mounted Police training depot lay stagnant in the late sunshine of an African afternoon.

Work was over for the day. From the open windows of the two-storied barrack block, where men in singlets sprawled on their cots or wandered about lathering their chins, poured a turgid bray of radio.

Corporal Victor Dilnot looked impatiently at the watch on his brown wrist. He was sitting on the veranda rail of the bungalow which Sergeant Bill Berrold shared with another sergeant who at present was away on leave.

"Why in b—blazes," Vic said, "don't they b-b-blow—blow up 'Orders'? They're half a—half an hour late, as it is."

Anger always exaggerated his stammer. The impediment, though slight at normal times, was a handicap to an instructor of rookies, and Vic was sensitive about it. So hair-trigger was his reaction to a smirk that not even the most daring recruit had been known thus to indulge himself more than once.

Vic was six feet tall, lean, hard, quick-moving. When he fought, it was still, at twenty-eight, with the same insatiable hunger to punish as had led, when he was fourteen, to his expulsion from school for the near murder of an older boy who had mimicked him.

There had been one or two subsequent episodes of the kind before his own lively sense of self-preservation had led him to seek pastures new and ultimately had landed him in his present job.

It was a job he valued. He was fond of women, and women found his blond good looks, his bold blue eyes that contradicted the slight hesitation in his speech, singularly attractive. At the depot here, he was careful to keep out of trouble, for trouble meant banishment to some tedious detail where there would be no women.

His fuming impatience, now, was due wholly to the thought of a woman—a woman called Koorie Nuñez.

Vic was all ready for an evening out. His tanned cheeks were freshly shaven, his brown shoes polished, his khaki drill slacks razor-creased, his pipeclayed belt and blue tunic with its two gold stripes immaculate.

All that was delaying him was "Daily Routine Orders," the posting up of which was signalled by a bugle. Being a training establishment, the depot was run on quasi-military lines. There was a rule, applicable even to the instructional staff, that nobody was at liberty to leave the barrack area before he had read "Orders."

"D-damned red tape!" Vic said viciously. "The orders apply to to-morrow, and here we w-waste half the evening waiting for 'em. We could read 'em just as—j-just as well when we came back at night."

Bill Berrold grinned, a bulldog pipe clamped between his teeth. He was of much the same height and build as Vic, but older—a man of forty. His dark hair was wiry, touched with grey; his forehead was untanned, in contrast to his leather-brown, square, strong face; his grey eyes were deeply set under black brows. Still in shirt-sleeves, breeches, dusty boots, he sat at ease in a cane chair with a pint mug of tea beside him on the table.

"What's the rush, Vic?" he said. "Koorie? She'll keep. She'll be at Costa's till midnight."

"That b-blasted cabaret," Vic said. "I can never get her alone there. I w-wanted to catch her at her bungalow. I could have walked down to—to the cabaret with her."

"Take it easy," said Bill. "No one else has had anything but the back of her hand since the first night she saw you. I thought I was making ground myself, till then. But you watch out for Martin Costa, Vic. She works for him, and maybe that's all there is to it. And maybe it's not. He's a Coast type, hot-blooded and quick with a knife. I've been out here a long time, and I'm telling you."

He knocked out his pipe, rose, stretched.

"I'm going to change," he said. "Mind, don't go sliding out till you've seen 'Orders.' One of these times, they'll slip a Night Scheme in, and the wide boys who've beat the bugle'll come rolling in about midnight to find they're posted A.W.O.L." He grinned. "Too bad if you got those stripes stripped. Where'd my reputation as the wise old He-Ancient be? I recommended you for 'em. So take it easy."

SPEECHLESS and writhing in the stranglehold, Costa lost balance. His heels kicked and trailed as Vic, glancing over his shoulder, dragged him back into a corner of the garden

He went into the bungalow, and Vic, picking up his pipeclayed helmet from the table, walked out across the parade ground. Only sergeants and up had bungalow quarters; mere corporals were in charge of barrack dormitories.

THE brief dusk had fallen. Lights shone out, now, round the parade ground. Still the bugle hadn't sounded "Orders."

The thought of Koorie Nuñez, dressing behind her latticed jalousies for the night's

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

work, fanned Vic's molten impatience. Vivid in his imagination was the vision of her ivory-tinted figure, lithe yet voluptuous, as she must be moving now about that lighted room of hers, dressing. He imagined her brushing her moth-dark, shining hair, and securing in it a blossom waxen white, as she gazed into her mirror with lips a little parted, deep eyes rapt in a Narcissus reverie.

This was the hour of all hours, this of her languour between *siesta* and her evening's performance, to come upon her quietly, step on to the veranda of her bungalow, tap on the jalousies, softly call her name. She would admit him, he was certain. For days, he had pictured and planned the scene, cherishing it; at last, had settled on to-day to make it reality.

And already "Orders" were three-quarters of an hour late! He was the bond-slave of a bugle.

Raging, he ran up the outside iron staircase at the gable end of the barrack block. As a corporal, his accommodation was a cubicle partitioned off at the end of the troopers' dormitory.

Opening the door, he stepped from the iron stair-platform into the cubicle, switched on the light. Slowly, overhead, circled the wide-vaned punkah. His uniforms hung well-brushed on hangers; his books were neat on their shelf, his weapons well-oiled in their rack. The walls were covered with girl pictures.

Tossing his helmet on to the iron cot under the looped-up mosquito bar, he paced muttering and tense up and down the narrow floor space—till a heavy crash, a roar of shouts and laughter from the dormitory, offered an outlet for his anger.

Yanking open the inner door, he sent an order ringing down the dormitory that sharply sobered the skylarking police troopers. They looked sullen. These youngsters hated him. They hated him as much as they liked and admired Bill Berrold.

"All right," he said. "That's better. Keep it like that, or I'll p-p-p—I'll peg the lot of you!"

The stammer, coming just there, was unfortunate. He slammed the door, and instantly, lips thinned, eyes narrow, clapped an ear to the panel, listening with a kind of famished eagerness for some wit to bleat, "P-p-p——"

They had learned prudence, though. They kept quiet.

Baulked, he turned from the door, glanced again at his watch. Still no bugle. Not a sound except the swishing of the punkah.

"To hell with it," he said violently.

Snatching up his helmet, he opened the door to the iron staircase. It was quite dark, now. He ran down the stairs, crossed the corner of the parade ground, passed in under the trees. Soon he came to a high stone wall. He crouched, leaped, got a grip on the coping. Heaving himself up, he planted first one foot between the iron spikes along the top of the wall, then the other foot. He poised for an instant, peered down into the dark, jumped.

IT was an hour's walk to Koorie's bungalow, and he had the road to himself. Almost as he saw the gleam of her light ahead, from behind and above him came the thin, remote call of a bugle. It was the "Orders" call—at last. He grinned derisively, and moved silent as a shadow into the bungalow garden.

The dark here was humid and perfumed. Standing under the black blotch of a tree, he looked at the windows he knew were hers. Light shining out through the jalousies tiger-striped the deep-eaved veranda. And a slim shadow passed behind the lattice. His heart throbbed, sultry. He braced himself to step from the tree shadow, and just then the jalousies rattled.

He stood in rigour.

Light spilled out from the door-window, and a figure stepped backward on to the veranda—a man's figure, lithe in black trousers and white dinner-jacket. Martin Costa. He held Koorie's hands. He drew her out on to the veranda. The jalousies fell back. She was in his arms. The two were still there for an eternity, cleaving together, in the barred shadow.

At last, she drew back her head, lifting her hands to his chest, whispering. She laughed softly, and Costa laughed, too, releasing her. As the jalousies closed on her, he turned and walked down the steps. Starlight glimmered on his trimly barbered, crinkled hair. He walked with a knuckle of his forefinger brushing at his neat moustache.

He passed within a yard of Vic; and as he passed, Vic stepped from the shadow. He hooked his right forearm across Costa's throat, gripping his own left forearm as he pressed his left hand down hard on the back of Costa's head.

Speechless and writhing in the strangle-hold, Costa lost balance. His heels kicked and trailed as Vic, glancing over his

shoulder, dragged him back into a corner of the garden, well away from the bungalow. Releasing the man abruptly, Vic spun him round, and with the hoarded venom of his frustration, rage and jealousy, hit him, clutched him to his feet as he fell, and hit him again. Costa scrambled away frantically on hip and elbow, glaring up in the starlight. And he stammered:

"W-w-what? Huh—who—who——"

It was that involuntary mimicry which did for him. It detonated in Vic Dilnot's head a white lightning of savagery that blasted reason. He dived, pinning Costa by the throat with gouging, crushing fingers. And when that lethal enchantment loosed its thrall of Vic Dilnot's mind, he had under him a man limp and broken and dead.

Dead——

Breathing like a man near drowned, he stood crouching over the motionless figure. He glanced towards the bungalow. Serenely the light shone out through the jalousies of Koorie's window. Plans wove rapidly in his head. First, had he dropped anything? Helmet? Handkerchief? Buttons? Watch? He checked swiftly. All clear. He must get back to barracks—get back fast, and in by the way he had left. No one had seen him go out; no one must see him return. Unless anyone had entered his cubicle, who could prove he ever had been out?

Stealthily, he left the garden. He saw no one on the road back. He climbed the barracks wall and cut across the corner of the parade ground. Lights shone out from the dormitory windows. He mounted the iron staircase quietly, slipped into his cubicle. For a minute, he had a sense of relief, of sanctuary, like a hunted animal gone to earth. Then it dawned on him that something was wrong. It was the silence. There was only the punkah swishing. It was the silence from the dormitory that was unnatural, uncanny. No voices, no horseplay. Cautiously, he opened the door a crack, peering into the dormitory.

He opened the door wider.

There, under lights that seemed to burn with an ominous, still brilliance, stretched the two rows of iron cots with uniforms flung down on them hastily. The room was empty, and the uniforms lying on the cots were walking-out uniforms. Working uniforms were gone. Weapons were gone.

He stood haggard and staring—with a sick suspicion.

Turning abruptly, he slipped down the outside staircase, headed for the bungalow block used as depot offices.

"Oh, God," he was praying mutely, "not to-night—not *to-night*——"

"Orders" were posted in a glass case on the wall of the covered veranda. A bulb burned over the case. The rest of the offices were in darkness. Nobody was about.

He ran his glance swiftly down the foolscap, typewritten sheet. His heart lurched as he saw his own name: "10.00 hrs. Grenade Range. Instructors: Sgts. Berrold, Mortimer, Rice. Cpls. Dilnot, Faraday——"

That was all right. That was for to-morrow, 10 a.m. But as his glance raced on down the sheet, again his own name sprang at him: "The following will parade at 19.00 hrs. *TO-NIGHT*—" it was in red, underscored—"to carry out a Night Training (*Continued on page* 64)

HIS helmet rolled off in the flame-tinged dust. His arms were wrenched behind him. He felt the grind of steel fetters on his wrists

An Hour To Spare

Use an Odd Hour of Leisure to Make One of these Simple and Pretty Things for Your Home. The Cost is Low and the Making is Easy

The Lamp

The lamp and shade cost about 17s. 6d. complete. Materials required for the shade are one 2-yard roll of patterned crêpe paper, 1s. 6d.; a wire frame 10 ins. in diameter, 2s. 6d.; drawer-lining paper in a contrasting colour or design costing only a few pence; glue and matching thick silk thread.

Take the whole roll of crêpe paper and make a 5-in. turn at the top and a 2-in. turn at the bottom to give a firm edge. Cut two 2-yard strips of drawer paper 3 ins. deep. Fold the latter each lengthwise, so that the strip is 1½ ins. deep. Lay the crêpe paper on a flat table and, with long running stitches, tack one strip of the contrasting paper along the bottom edge and the second 2 ins. higher. With a needle run a thread round the top of the crêpe paper, using large stitches evenly spaced. Leave a long thread at the end. Overlap the two ends of the paper and sew together with bold running stitches. Draw up the top running thread to fit the wire frame. Tie the top thread and pleat the paper with forefinger and thumb from top to base.

The Lamp Base

Use a flower-pot or an earthenware bulb bowl about 4 ins. deep costing 2s. 6d. or 3s.; a piece of stout card, a long-necked bottle, glue and crystal paints, totalling a few shillings in all.

First paint the flower-pot with high-gloss white paint and leave to dry. When dry, place upside down on the card and cut round the base. Glue the cardboard cover to the rim of the pot and again leave to dry. In crystal paint of a colour to match the shade, splash polka dots all over the base. Cut a piece of felt and glue to the pot base.

Take the bottle to an electrician for an electric-light holder to be fitted into the stopper. Cost about 8s. Stand the bottle in the centre of the cardboard and draw round the base. Cut out carefully with a razor, glue the bottom of the bottle and push it through the hole to stand firmly on the bottom of the pot. Leave to dry. Paint the bottle-neck to match the base and adjust the shade.

Mats

This is an idea for using old Christmas cards. Buy a set of lino table-mats (about 7s. 6d.) and some crystal paint in silver and a few colours. Paint the mats silver. Cut out the central motif from the Christmas cards and paste one in the middle of each mat. Cover with a sheet of tissue paper and press under a heavy weight. With crystal colours, extend the design of the card to break up the cut-out-edge. For instance, if there are trees in the design, continue the trees at the side.

Next day, varnish over the whole surface with clear, heat-proof varnish and dry for forty-eight hours. Back each mat with felt, using Aeroglu for sticking. Sufficient felt to back ten mats costs about 5s. 6d.

Paper-Weights

The paper-weights are made from camera converters which can be bought for a shilling or two from any photographic dealer. Cut out scenes from Christmas cards or coloured pictures. Stick on thick silver paper, sprinkle with coloured sequins, and cut to size of the glass. Attach by means of a narrow glued margin and back with felt.

Fifty Pounds to Spend

TIME and shortages have dealt hardly with the home, and The Cost Of It All has kept plans for renovation in the background, but the time comes when a measure of judicious replacement of furnishings is a necessity that can no longer be postponed.

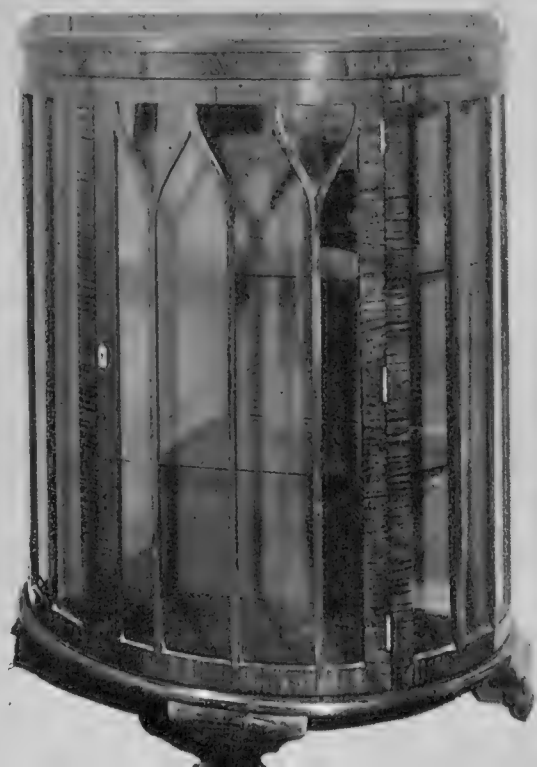
The entire house enjoys a tonic effect if one room is revitalised, particularly if it is the room that comes in for most general use. More so, perhaps, than if renovations are made at scattered points.

Fifty pounds is quickly absorbed in general replacements around the home, but if an equal sum is laid out on one room, the effect can be very gratifying. Many amateurs are ready to attempt simple decorating effects with distemper and paint, and, with a new colour scheme as background, the stage is set for the more ambitious replacements.

The recent Order amending restrictions on the making and design of Utility furniture brings an increasing variety within the average price range. The production of new designs is limited at present, but an increase is promised in the coming months, and separate pieces (the sideboard photographed is a good example) can be included in a modest budget for refurnishing. Occasional furniture outside the Utility range—this

Renovation Budget

Suggestion One :			
Milled felt square 12 ft. by 12 ft.	£13	4	0
Coloured mohair rug ..	2	10	0
Utility sideboard ..	20	12	0
11 yds. 48″-curtaining at 21s. 9d.	11	19	3
Distemper		16	6
Total	£49	1	9
Suggestion Two :			
Carpet re-dyeing, 12 ft. by 12 ft., 6s. sq. yd. ..	£4	16	0
Walnut china cabinet ..	19	17	6
Utility fireside chair ..	7	4	3
Distemper and paint ..	2	0	0
48″-curtaining, 11 yds. at 17s. 6d.	9	12	6
Ditto for loose cover, 7 yds.	6	2	6
Total	£49	12	9



Three examples of inexpensive furniture which could be used in the suggested renovation scheme. (Above) A walnut sideboard from Heals, one of the latest designs from the Utility range, price £20 12s. (Left) A fireside chair, obtainable in a variety of tapestries. Utility, price £7 4s. 3d. (Right) A half-circular china cabinet with glass shelves, in mahogany or walnut, price £19 17s. 6d. Chair and cabinet from Maples.

Money Melts when Major Renovations to the Home have to be done, but these Suggestions will Help to Make Pounds stretch to their Fullest Extent

includes coffee tables, china cabinets, bookshelves, and so on—are now subject only to a 33⅓ per cent. tax, affording a substantial price reduction.

The two budgets tabled on the left show alternative suggestions for laying out fifty pounds on a shabby room in a practical way. In both cases one or two items of new furniture are allowed for. The room is taken to be 12 ft. by 12 ft.

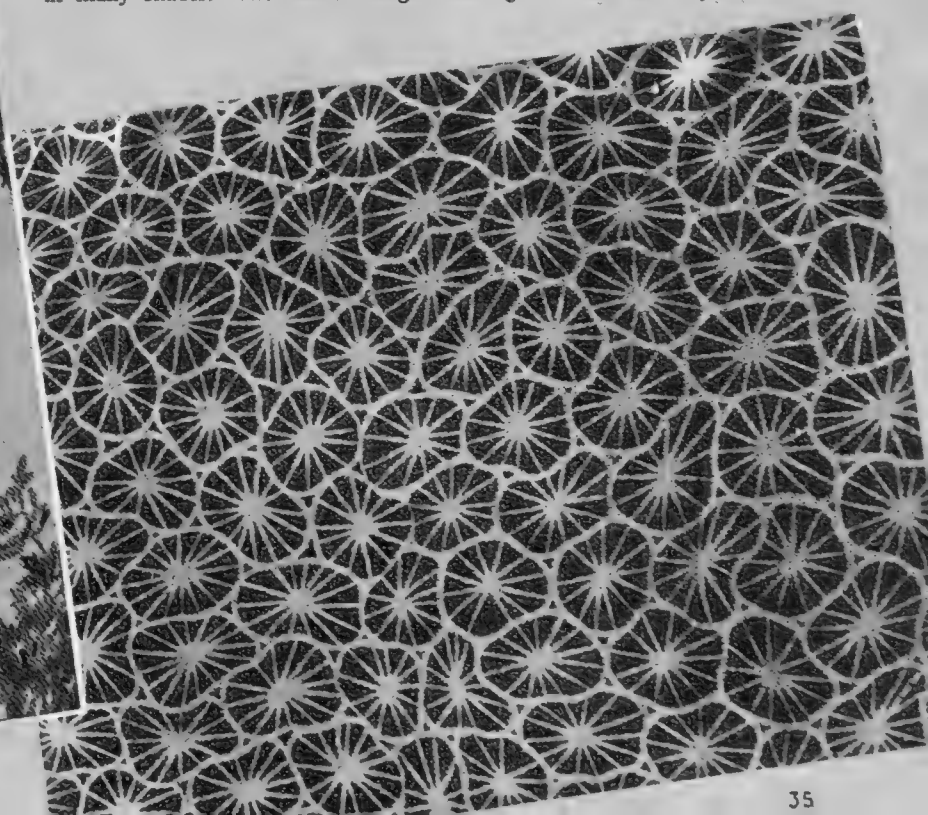
In one case it is proposed that an existing carpet should be dyed. Where this is impracticable, felt floor covering has been allowed for in the alternative scheme. It is of special interest in this connection that the flooring felt, which is now available in good supply, is of a much improved quality over what we have seen in the past few years.

FELT floor covering has unfortunately fallen into disrepute, because so much of what was offered during the war was of a kind never intended for such uses. Milled felt, as opposed to that of which so much was seen at one time, is of a substantial character which the makers claim will give good service for some years. This type of felt is available again in attractive colours from 11s. 6d. a yard (36 ins. wide). As such it is a practical proposition well able to hold its own against carpet at current prices.

When furnishing fabrics come up for consideration, the picture is again brighter. Spun rayon fabrics, especially, bring a widening practical selection of materials of a substantial weight suitable for covers as well as curtains. The examples photographed are characteristic of the improved designs which have come to furnishing fabrics more recently, costing between 15s. and 22s. a yard at 48 ins. wide.

Selectivity is the secret of a successful renovation. Good buys are not to be found in every shop window, but research pays dividends and ensures that the money laid out to improve the home is wisely invested. WINIFRED LEWIS.

Fresh curtains and chair covers give a new aspect to an old room. The sketch shows how effectively patterned and plain fabrics can be combined. Plain fabric is used for the back and sides of the chair, for piping, and in bands of varying widths for trimming pelmet and curtains. Below, two Gayonne spun rayon fabrics, either of which combined with plain fabric could be used for this treatment. "Bouquet" has a multi-coloured pattern on a cream ground, "Spider's Web" white on a variety of background colours. Plain colours are available in many shades. The fabrics range from 15s. to 22s. 6d. a yard.



Boat · Neck Sweater

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of "Target" 3-ply wool in main shade ; 1 oz. of "Target" 3-ply wool in contrast shade ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 32 to 34-in. bust. From the centre front to lower edge, 21 ins. ; sleeve seams underarm, 11 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS : *K.* = *knit* ; *p.* = *purl* ; *st.* = *stitch* ; *sts.* = *stitches* : *dec.* = *decrease* ; *inc.* = *increase* ; *beg.* = *beginning* ; *tog.* = *together* ; *m.* = *make*.

THE FRONT

With main colour wool and No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. Rib 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). Work 4¼ ins., ending with a knit row. Change to the following pattern :

1st row.—P. 2 main, * 1 contrast, 3 main. Repeat from * to the last 2 sts., 1 contrast, 1 main.

2nd row.—K. main.

3rd row.—P. main.

4th row.—K. 1 main, * contrast 3, main 1, contrast 3. Repeat from * to end.

5th row.—P. main.

6th row.—K. main. These 6 rows form pattern.

Work 6 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row until 110 sts. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row until 120 sts. again, and work measures 14½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows (108 sts.). Work on these 108 sts. for 7 ins. Change to No. 12 needles, work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for ¾-in. Cast off loosely in rib.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts. Work 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1, rib. Change to stocking stitch, work until 4¼ ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 100 sts. remain. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 110 sts. again, continue until work measures 14½ ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows (102 sts.). Continue as for the front.

(*Continued on page 54*)

Full · Sleeved Blouse

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. Munrospun "Morning Haze" in white ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 needles ; 2½ yards of narrow velvet ribbon ; No. 5 steel crochet hook ; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS : To fit a 34 to 36-in. bust measurement. From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. ; underarm sleeve seam, 13 ins.

TENSION : 10 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 132 sts.

Rows 1 and 2.—Knit.

3rd row.—* K. 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

Rows 4 and 5.—Knit. Continue in pattern.

1st row.—* K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—As 1st row.

3rd row.—Knit. 4th row.—Purl.

These 4 rows form pattern. Continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 102 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 72 sts. Work as for the back until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. (*Continued on page 54*)

Warm In Wool

Top : A jersey pinafore dress by Wolsey buttons through to the hem and has collar and revers to open over a blouse or sweater. Price 88/3. Another Wolsey jersey dress next to it is back-fastened to the hipline and has the front waist stitched to represent smocking. Price £5 5 10. Left : Soft beige wool with stripes cleverly interwoven and, right, soft beige wool with interwoven stripes on the bodice and pleated hemline. Both Percy Trilnick models at ceiling price.

Details of where these dresses can be bought will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

Saving

Life to-day is a stressful affair in significance wide enough to redress and fatigue to equanimity. On whether it refers to money, clothes, necessary, depends personal success. these Saving Clauses and see if you

POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

TIME

LIFE to-day has an overcrowded aspect which is responsible for a universal fatigue. There is so much to be done and so little time to do it. Efficiency is the great time-saver, with concentration a good second. Study new methods of efficiency, whether it refers to the housework, the office or fitting time for your social activities into a life crowded with essential duties. It is possible to live by rote without living like an automaton. Budget your time. Working to a routine sounds a dreary way of life, but it is a habit which grows and prospers. A go-as-you-please life is all very well, but it won't do for a crowded existence. Concentration is your strong suit. Don't dither. Keep attention riveted on the job in hand, whatever it may be. Do one thing at a time and do it well. When time presses it seems impossible to devote more of it to a study of improved methods; nevertheless, as a long-term policy it is worth while. Procrastination is the big thief. Don't waste time bemoaning the lack of it. Time won't save itself. Only you can save it.

LIFE

YOU may never be called on to save life, but who knows? Even if it never comes to that, you may very well be in a position to save a potentially dangerous situation with promptitude and good sense. Keeping out of trouble is as good a way as any of avoiding accidents. Commonsense precautions go a long way. If you fancy yourself as an amateur mechanic, don't use dangerous tools unless you fully appreciate the hazards. A small repair is expensive at the cost of an injury. Never attempt repairs to electrical gadgets unless you have first switched off the current. Don't pour water on burning fat. Never keep inflammable things near the cooker, or look for gas leaks with a naked light. Don't allow saucepan handles to project from stoves so that they can be upset.

Keep First Aid necessities where you can find them. If somebody gets burnt, make a solution of bicarbonate of soda and tepid water and bathe the place until help comes. If you find a case of unconsciousness on your hands, make the patient comfortable and warm, avoid forcing stimulants into the mouth. It is even more important to avoid doing the *wrong* thing in an emergency than to do the right.

Clauses

which the verb "to save" holds a
the balance of living from frustration
your ability to Save the Situation,
life, time and even your face when
Examine yourself in the light of
can add to the comfort of your affairs.

CLOTHES

SAVING a precious minimum wardrobe from the depredations of wear and tear has a pleasanter aspect than that of essential economy, because it means a better appearance into the bargain. The well-dressed woman is one whose clothes are meticulously well cared for.

For once, a penny-wise policy can be applied with limitations. Good clothes have long lives and if extremes of fashion are avoided in favour of classic simplicity, good clothes will long outlast the cheaper ones.

Day-to-day care keeps clothes in good looks indefinitely. Fold and hang them away religiously. Change better clothes immediately on coming into the house. Keep each hat in a separate hat-box; buy trees for each pair of shoes; sponge and press fanatically, and change underclothes as frequently as the supply allows. Dirt destroys. Send summer clothes to the cleaner before putting them away for winter, and vice versa. Banish carelessness and false economy and your wardrobe will save itself.

MONEY

THE monetary situation being what it is, a chance to save seems about as remote as a hidden treasure. Nevertheless, the need to save is as urgent as ever, whether a nest-egg is the objective or the necessity to cut expenditure. Again, the go-as-you-please habit is fatal. Living to budget means the habit is inclusion of essential expenditure as well as inessential. What, for instance, can you afford to spend on clothes? What on amusements and personal expenses? In these days of inflated costs the little things gnaw holes in a budget. Cosmetics, sweets, papers, the tidy visit to the cinema, shoe repairs. These are trifling in essence, but formidable in fact. Ingenuity is sadly taxed to-day in budgeting for incidentals, which are largely unpredictable. It is an austere existence when one must live within such rigid financial limits that a splash at the theatre, a new hat not budgeted for are enough to tip the balance on the debit side; but on a limited income, the choice lies between this and a more haphazard way of life dogged by the bogy insolvency.

FACE

THE capacity to back out of awkward situations with grace is something to be cultivated for dear life. Like accidents, embarrassing incidents are more amenable to prevention than to cure. A talent for putting your foot in it is nobody's fault but your own.

If you have said or done the wrong thing, the gracious retreat is most often found in a frank admission and a generous apology. It is all too easy to make a fetish of face-saving. If by acting imprudently you have hurt another, it is the victim who should be considered. If you have merely made yourself ridiculous, forget it. Others will, if you don't repeat the offence.

Time For Spring Sewing

More and more women are finding the solution to dress problems and a gratifying answer to budget worries, in home dressmaking. Last year in the month of February the first National Sewing Week to be held throughout the country gave an enlightening clue to the widespread interest and activity in home sewing. So much so, that the experiment is to be repeated, and the 1949 National Sewing Week is to open on the 19th of the present month.

Stores throughout the country are making their own individual arrangements to give a special service during Sewing Week to women who make their own clothes. Special displays of fabrics, pattern-cutting services and advice bureaux are to be in full swing during the Week.

Few women who are unskilled in dressmaking have failed at some time to look with envy upon those luckier or more enterprising ones. The truth is that a heaven-sent gift is less important than a bold spirit. Many facilities are offered to-day to the amateur dressmaker. Paper pattern services are highly developed to assist the problems of the unskilled. Books and pamphlets of instruction are plentiful and tempting materials are coming along in greater quantities to stimulate interest.

Don't write yourself off as a non-starter at home dressmaking. There is everything to aid you in your early attempts and everything to be gained by availing yourself of them.

A friend of mine who has just flown back from America was telling me about the "gold rush" in New York. "I have never seen fashion in worse taste," she said. "Imagine seeing women walking about the streets during the day wearing gold kid sandals, dark nylons, gold kid belts and carrying gold kid bags." I told her I could scarcely believe it, but she swore it was true. One can only hope that this is a nine-day wonder of a fashion, and that it will never reach these shores. It is obviously a hideous example of what can happen when too much of the world's gold finds its way to one country.

Jane Gordon.

In Search of Glamour...

TIMES may be hard, but women are much more fun than they used to be. If you doubt this, compare the women of to-day with those of ten years ago. The pre-war woman lived on her nerves and whatever diet happened to be in fashion. She went to as many dress shows as possible and felt ashamed to be seen in last season's model. It was more important that her clothes bore a famous fashion name than that they should become her. She was more interested in fashionable restaurants, night-clubs and road-houses than she was in her own home. When three or more women are gathered together now, they do not talk of diet and calories: they talk cooking.

"How have you fixed this soup? It is excellent," someone asked at a small luncheon party, and our hostess told us that she had merely added one coffee-spoonful of Worcester sauce and one dessertspoonful of sherry to each soup-plate full of piping hot Bovril. Another way of glamourising Bovril or consommé is to put half a cupful of sherry into a heated plated dish, set the sherry alight with a match and pour a portion of flaming sherry into the soup.

THE most successful savoury or cocktail accessory I have come across lately is stuffed celery. All you do is to mix Danish blue or Stilton, or any other cheese, with a small pat of butter or margarine until you get a creamy mixture. Add shaved-up green or red pimentos, fill the celery sticks and serve.

Conversation will turn from cooking to hair and make-up, nail varnish and perfume. The doughnut bun hair-do is rapidly giving way to the "cap" hair style. The hair is cut quite short, brushed smooth and close over the head and turned up slightly at the ends. I have heard this style called "The Tulip." All hair should have shine, and for smooth, short hair, shine is essential; but it is not a good idea to allow your hairdresser to spray on too much brilliantine. The best way is to spray a little on your own hairbrush, rub the bristles well with the palm of your hand and brush the hair well. Hair shine should be natural, and the way to achieve that is by twice-daily brushing and a really thorough shampoo.

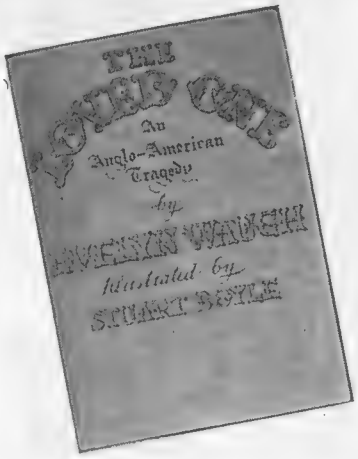
Before the war oily hair and skin was a very common complaint. Nine years of an almost fat-free diet has reversed the complaint, and now hair and skin is more likely to be as dry as blotting-paper. If you want the best treatment to make your skin glowing smooth and hair gleaming, fill a pretty little jar with halibut oil capsules. Keep this on the dining-room table and take one capsule with a tumbler of water at the end of each meal. You will find your eyesight also improves and you will get protection from head colds.

WHEN you have your nails manicured ask the manicurist to use quick-drying oil after she has applied the varnish. It gives the best finish, dries the varnish and is good for the cuticles.

"Femme," the most feminine perfume which has ever come out of France, is on sale in England. It is a Marcel Rochas perfume and quite delicious.

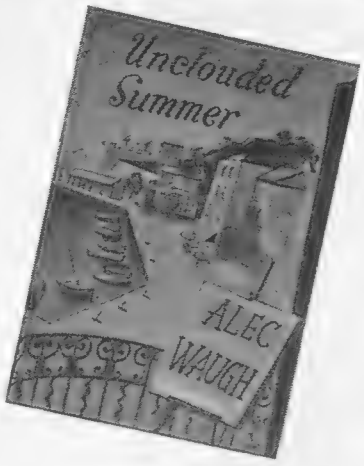
We were discussing make-up the other day and we came to the conclusion that nothing is more unbecoming to women than a heavy make-up. The older you get the less make-up you should use. The heavy foundations and the two-powder technique for a porcelain finish can only be used successfully by young women. Make-up tricks to disguise imperfections are useful on the stage (*Continued on page 61*)

...It's just like the "gold ru
a rubber nail brush does wonders
...Try using quick-drying oil on top of you
...and carrying gold kid bags.."
...How have you fixed this soup...
..I'm having a "Tulip cut"
"I always take halibut
"I'd no idea you could get it here..."
"...have you ever stuffed celery...."
M.E.K.



INSTEAD of revisiting noble *Brideshead*—what a house and what a story!—Mr. Evelyn Waugh takes us a short trip through a Californian mortician's beauty parlour in **"The Loved One"** (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.). We see the dead being made up at the super-necropolis, "Whispering Glades," the girl cosmetician who is wooed by the boss embalmer Mr. Joyboy, the young English writer who also falls for her and when she poisons herself burns the body in the animal crematorium where he works, to save his rival embarrassment and earn a thousand dollars. As if that were not enough there are suitably cadaverous pictures by Mr. Stuart Boyle. A brilliant satire in Swiftian vein? Of course. But if you're shy of corpses prepare for shocks.

Mr. *Alec* Waugh? Ah, what a difference! Sunny, erotic romance at Villefranche in the 1920s, with picnics on the *Ile des Lerins*, excursions into the hills through the Gorges du Loup, in **"Unclouded Summer"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). A handsome young U.S. artist falling voluptuously in love with the wife of a much older diplomat, then finding solace in noble, upright wedlock with Maid Marion. If it's frank, frantic love you want rather than cadavers, this episode outdates George Moore's *Lovers of Orelay*, though not *Lady Chatterley*. Alec, in short, is the antidote to Evelyn in case you need one? and I think you may. . . .



Books:

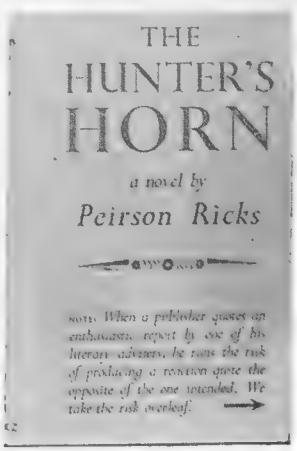
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

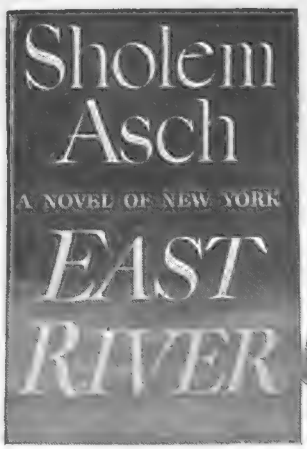
A DOCTOR'S work, like a woman's, is never done. Even his holiday may turn out to be a busman's. Mr. George Borodin—the pseudonym of a Harley Street surgeon and pioneer in plastic treatment—long dreamt of gipsying round the romantic isles of the Pacific. When at last he was able to do so he found he had to gipsy round operating tables, too. He was called to Tonga Tonga to remove the appendix of a native boy prince, and informed afterwards that had the patient died the doctor would soon have died, too. Incidentally, the royal parents expected him to join them in an all-night banquet before saving the boy's life! A chief on whom he also operated was so impressed with his magic that he offered unlimited wives if Mr. Borodin would stay as tribal medicine-man. Another job, *en passant*, was tidying up the stump of a native's leg bitten off by a shark. He strikes so many bizarre adventures on his travels that he admits in **"One Horizon"** (Werner Laurie, 15s.) some people don't believe him, but they make absorbing, colourful reading.

DR. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND takes his job with him when he motors over 2,000 miles through Spain at its Government's invitation. He even lectures Franco on the shortcomings of his anti-T.B. campaign and investigates the conditions in ten prisons. A notable discovery is a lovely Peruvian girl bullfighter; another, Alvero Domecq who spears bulls to earn enough to found a boarding-school for poor boys; a third, the Andalusian girl who taught him Spanish forty years ago, still beautiful as a mature woman and still in black mourning for a father ten years dead. In **"Spanish Journey"** (Hollis & Carter, 15s.) he writes of the political and economic regime frankly as Catholic and Franco admirer—so much so that his first words to Franco sound even servile; but readers of *The Arches of the Years* will not need to be told that his presentation of people, scenes, experiences is always uniquely individual.

THERE is much about Franco and other leading international figures in **"Ciano's Diplomatic Papers"** (Odhams, 17s. 6d.) edited by Malcolm Muggeridge, translated by Stuart Hood. They record nearly 200 talks, covering not only the first three years of the war but the three preceding, and therefore supplement vitally the *Diary*. Of special interest to us is Grandi's report of a talk with Chamberlain and Eden in February, 1938, on the changed balance of power wrought by the Nazifying of Austria. It is both ironic and tragic to reflect that some twenty million lives depended on the diplomatic sound and fury reverberating through this book—which is why everyone should read it.

A CHRONICLE of death in the Alps may not seem a cheerful subject, but the Swiss Climber Charles Gos rightly says in **"Alpine Tragedy"** (Allen & Unwin, 18s.), translated by Malcolm Barnes, that mountain tragedies have a touching human quality and "the most cruel death among the heights will always derive from the scene a little of its grandeur and poetry." There is, too, the epic work (*Continued on page 70*)





Legends Set To Music

By Harry J. Greenwall

IT is a *credo* accepted by a majority of opera-goers that Wagner attempted to express in his music a combination of the Arts; that he combined painting, sculpture and writing in his own medium. I thought of this and have thought of it again and again since I listened to Sir Malcolm Sargent say in a B.B.C. programme that music is not intended to express anything at all. One would like to ask him then why, say, Handel's "Water Music" does conjure up the sound of fountains and waterfalls?

From what sources do operatic composers draw their inspiration? Do they take a play and set it to music or do they, as many authors do, draw on stories they have heard and express their reactions in music as authors do in words? Examples? There are plenty of them, to prove that operatic composers, like authors, draw inspiration from personal sources, but not always. Many set legends to music.

Take the fascinating story of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* which was first produced at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, September 26, 1835. What a furore that opera has caused the world over. Both Patti and Melba have sung the part of Lucia in London. Once when Caruso was singing Edgardo at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a burly Irish policeman on duty in the lobby heard noises within the auditorium, so he drew his truncheon and rushed in, expecting to quell a riot, but it was only the enraptured audience demanding an encore! One wonders if that audience knew the story behind the story?

Lucia di Lammermoor is Sir Walter Scott's tragic *The Bride of Lammermoor.* Yes, but from whence did Scott get this story which he wrote when he was gravely ill?

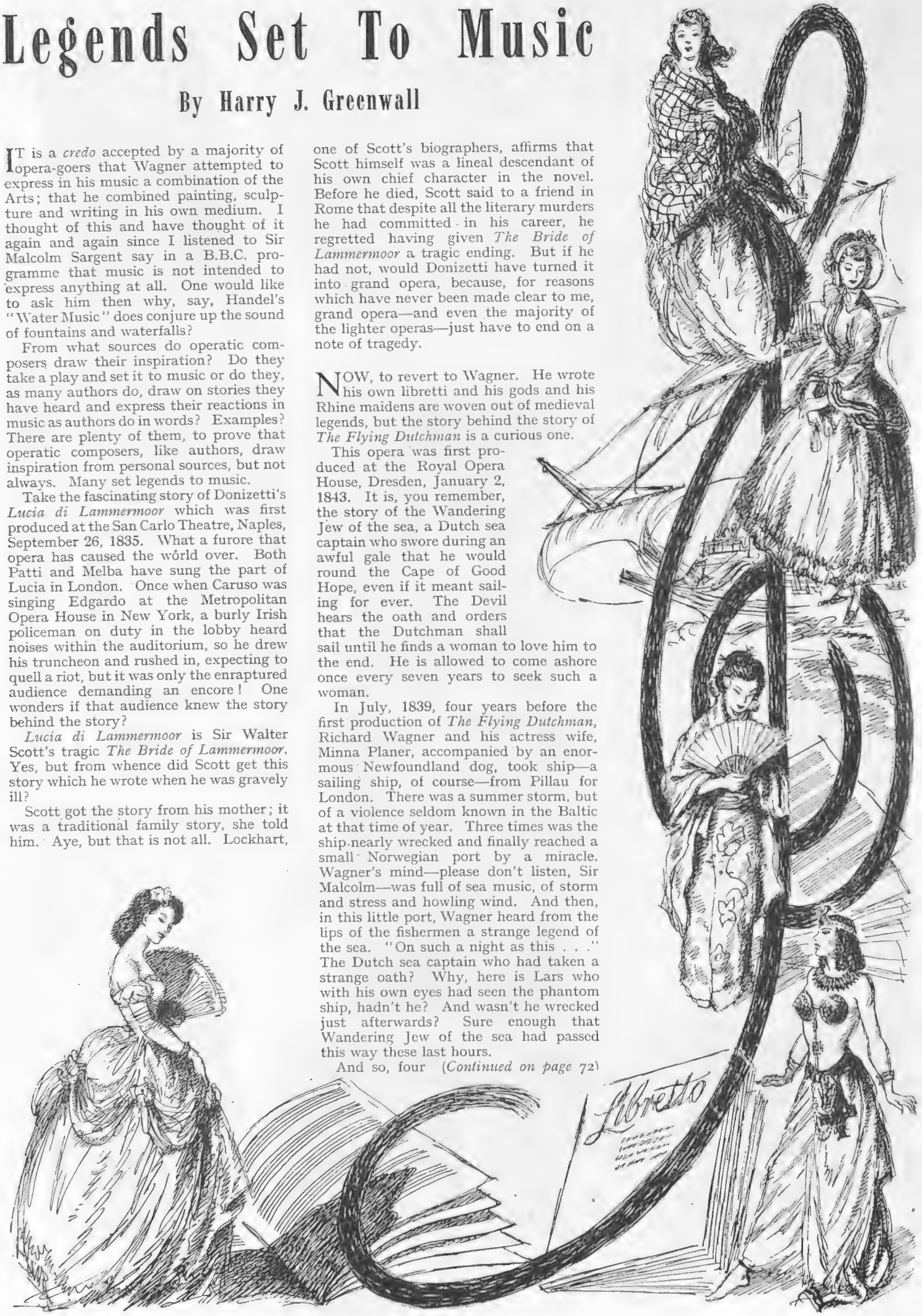
Scott got the story from his mother; it was a traditional family story, she told him. Aye, but that is not all. Lockhart, one of Scott's biographers, affirms that Scott himself was a lineal descendant of his own chief character in the novel. Before he died, Scott said to a friend in Rome that despite all the literary murders he had committed in his career, he regretted having given *The Bride of Lammermoor* a tragic ending. But if he had not, would Donizetti have turned it into grand opera, because, for reasons which have never been made clear to me, grand opera—and even the majority of the lighter operas—just have to end on a note of tragedy.

NOW, to revert to Wagner. He wrote his own libretti and his gods and his Rhine maidens are woven out of medieval legends, but the story behind the story of *The Flying Dutchman* is a curious one.

This opera was first produced at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, January 2, 1843. It is, you remember, the story of the Wandering Jew of the sea, a Dutch sea captain who swore during an awful gale that he would round the Cape of Good Hope, even if it meant sailing for ever. The Devil hears the oath and orders that the Dutchman shall sail until he finds a woman to love him to the end. He is allowed to come ashore once every seven years to seek such a woman.

In July, 1839, four years before the first production of *The Flying Dutchman,* Richard Wagner and his actress wife, Minna Planer, accompanied by an enormous Newfoundland dog, took ship—a sailing ship, of course—from Pillau for London. There was a summer storm, but of a violence seldom known in the Baltic at that time of year. Three times was the ship nearly wrecked and finally reached a small Norwegian port by a miracle. Wagner's mind—please don't listen, Sir Malcolm—was full of sea music, of storm and stress and howling wind. And then, in this little port, Wagner heard from the lips of the fishermen a strange legend of the sea. "On such a night as this . . ." The Dutch sea captain who had taken a strange oath? Why, here is Lars who with his own eyes had seen the phantom ship, hadn't he? And wasn't he wrecked just afterwards? Sure enough that Wandering Jew of the sea had passed this way these last hours.

And so, four (*Continued on page 72*)



Seen in Passing

Valerie Burke brings more news from the shopping front. If you would like further details of any item mentioned by her, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A POSTAL advisory service on hair culture will prove a boon to all women who for any reason are unable to make a personal visit to a trichologist. The service is offered by a Clinic equipped with special apparatus for testing samples of hair and conducted by a hair specialist with twenty-five years' experience of trichology. For a report on the hair's condition, together with advice on all problems relating to the health of the hair or scalp, permanent waving or tinting, the fee charged is 10s. 6d.

THE atmosphere of a friendly social club is most propitious for meeting people and making new friends. Londoners with a social turn of mind should take note that there are two club centres near Piccadilly where excellent facilities are available for the very modest subscription of £2 2s. a year. There are regular meetings of language circles where French, Spanish and German can be learnt or polished up as the case may need. There is dancing and table tennis every evening, and rambles and house parties in the country at the week-ends. The clubs' more strenuous activities do not commence until the evening, but facilities for resting, reading and writing are available all day. Last but certainly not least, there is an excellent lunch service at one of the clubs, serving a table d'hôte lunch for 2s. 3d. from 12 to 2.30 daily, except Sunday.

IN these days of scarcity of well designed children's footwear, mothers will be interested to know about the kiddies' shoes photographed on this page. They are two from a wide range of shoes designed especially to permit small feet to grow naturally. The shoes are built with extra room and length for the big toe, a wide seat for steady balance and flexibility in the right places. The styles are gay and colourful, for children love pretty shoes as much as mothers like to see them in attractive footwear. The range includes play shoes as well as heavier "duty" shoes.

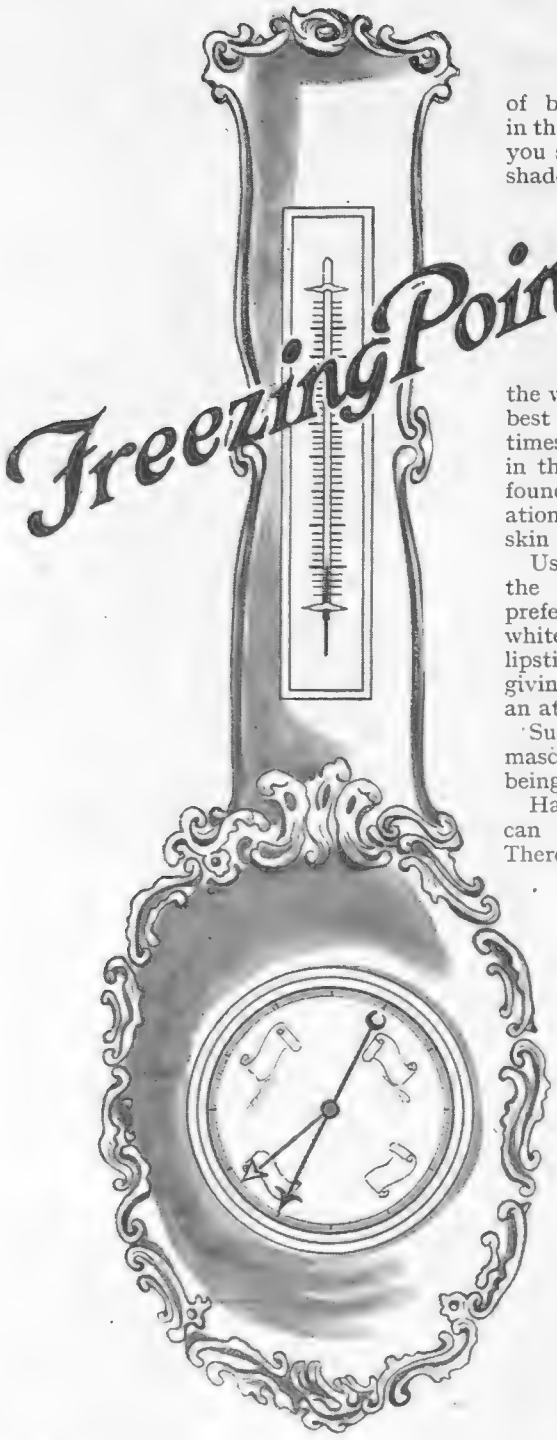
The shoes "Puck" are 24s. to 28s.; the bootees "Scamper," 19s. to 22s. according to size.

FOR special occasions, a special outfit, designed and made exclusively for you by Holler Rogerson. Something more than the usual dressmaker, Miss Rogerson will create an exclusive model for each of her customers. She will use her customer's own material or help to select a suitable fabric when required. Her designs for evening wear and ensembles for dressy occasions are particularly attractive.

Prices which include designing and making up, range from 8 guineas for a simple garment to 15 guineas for a more elaborate model. Miss Rogerson also makes chic model hats, using lovely hand-printed ribbons for trimming. The hats range from 3 guineas each and can be made to order.

A FOOD mixer is becoming more and more an essential part of modern kitchen equipment. The Karen Mixer is an excellent hand operated food mixer, suitable for cake mixing, batters, making whipped cream or butter and will prove the answer to the problems of those for whom an electric mixer is impossible. The Karen model is made in heavyweight metal with an attractive cream enamel finish and is supplied with a capacious mixing bowl. It is easy, feather-light in action and is as simple to operate as to keep clean. Price £5 3s.

ARTIFICIAL flower trimmings are not difficult to come by, but ones as lovely as these photographed are rare. Beautifully made, in the most delicate colours, they would make exquisite trimming to an evening dress or renovation for a spring hat. These pink shaded roses with green leaves are 3 guineas. A bouquet of gaily coloured giant poppies, delicate enough to deceive a naturalist are 2 guineas. Other flowers can be made to order in any colour varying in price according to the variety or size required.



Freezing Points

THIS is the time of year when all the elements, so it seems, join forces to play havoc with our looks. Skins, as fine and delicate as rose, wilt and reveal tiny, blue veins. Noses turn red. Hair loses its lustre and hands their soft, white texture.

How do we battle with these problems? By camouflage. Change the colour scheme of our complexions and the problems are no longer there.

Because cold winds produce that unbecoming blue, make-up must be switched from the pale shades to other stronger, richer hues that are better suited to the effects of wind, fog and cold. Choose a warmer tinted foundation from the honey and nectarine shades. Match powder to foundation and complexions will appear glowing instead of weatherbeaten.

Dismiss from your palette, whenever possible, blue reds and turn to the true reds, those with a minimum of blue and a preponderance of orange in their composition. That vivid geranium you see in a cottage window is a typical shade. Let rouge tone with lipstick too.

Counteract the effects of drying winds by using richer cosmetics. If your normal foundation is a liquid type, and the skin is becoming dry and flaky, switch to a cream type foundation until the weather is warmer. It may not be the best foundation for your skin in normal times, but it gives a little extra protection in the cold. If you stick to your liquid foundation, use extra generous applications of skinfood to massage into the skin each night.

Use a more greasy lipstick to protect the lips against drying winds. Or if preferred, finish off with a thin coating of white vaseline, over, not under the lipstick. This is a stage trick. Besides giving protection, it adds emphasis to an attractive lipline.

Substitute Vaseline or cold cream for mascara and eyebrow pencil for the time being.

Hands are as important as faces, they can make or mar your *tout ensemble*. Therefore wear gloves always even if it is for a five-minute shopping expedition round the corner.

Indoors, wear rubber or cloth gloves when doing all household chores. They will protect against cold as well as grime. Cream, rubbed into the hands before tackling jobs that are heavy on the hands will afford additional protection. There is a special hand cream designed to guard the hands against rough work. This is applied before the job is tackled and afterwards the cream and the dirt are washed away together, leaving the hands smooth and soft.

EVERY woman should have a hand lotion by her so that she can use it liberally during the day, the housewife should have one on the kitchen shelf, the business woman one in her office desk. A little should be rubbed into the hands every time they are washed, so that they never have a chance to become dry and cracked. If, however, the cold does creep up unawares, leaving the hands chapped or rough, take this tip for a quick hand softener from a matron of a nursing home, whose hands are soft and white in spite of always being in and out of water. After washing and drying her hands thoroughly, she smears them with soap, massages it in and then wipes them smooth with a dry towel.

Make this a time for regular home facial treatment. Give yourself a bath-time massage at least once a week. Massage a soft cream into the face while the bath is running. Then with the excess cream still on, lie back in the bath and allow the steam to help in the process of absorption. Remove the excess cream before going to bed, remembering to rub any left overs into hands or arms.

Wear a hat always to protect your hair from fog and a drying wind. Use more lotion and wash your hair more often.

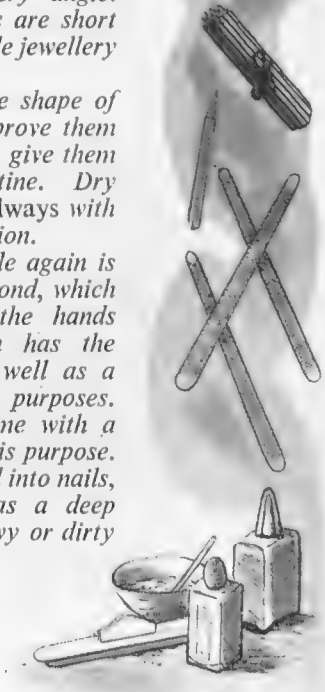
Winning Hands

HANDS can express so much, giving a true indication of character and temperament. Because they are so much in the limelight, consider them from every angle. Choose the right jewellery. If your fingers are short and fat, avoid heavy rings. Don't wear fragile jewellery if your hands are large.

Although it is impossible to change the shape of ugly hands a great deal can be done to improve them by grooming. If they are inclined to be red, give them priority over other items of your beauty routine. Dry them thoroughly after washing and follow always *with an application of hand cream or lotion.*

A pre-war favourite now available again is faintly scented with honey and almond, which will soften, whiten and protect the hands against all weathers. This lotion has the advantage that it serves equally well as a protective foundation for general purposes.

Rid your nails of dust and grime with a shampoo designed exclusively for this purpose. A few drops on a nail brush scrubbed into nails, cuticles and fingertips, will act as a deep cleanser, removing all traces of heavy or dirty work.



Background Beauty

RADIANT skin, glossy hair and sparkling eyes are the foundations of beauty, but they are first casualties if the system is allowed to become clogged with toxic wastes. The effects of constipation can sabotage the best beauty routine in the world, leaving the skin sallow, the hair dull and the eyes lack lustre in spite of all efforts.

The symptoms of constipation are recognizable enough. This very common complaint produces so often a series of minor ailments which together add up to a condition best described as "below par."

Listlessness, fatigue, lack of vitality, headaches and a feeling of overweight all result from the toxic condition of constipation.

Lazy habits, formed in childhood, are a primary cause. Aperients are too often given—and taken—when the trouble should be corrected by diet and training.

With adults, lack of exercise is often a basic cause. Because exercise is essential to all if we would keep fit, it must be included in the daily programme.

Exercise can be taken in a dozen different ways, each equally as good. Walk a certain distance every day, not loitering but walking with long, easy strides from the hips. Wear shoes that are really comfortable, for tight shoes can throw the whole body out of balance and put an unnatural strain upon the abdominal muscles. Do not wear clothes that restrict, such as girdles that are too tight. Study your posture and form a habit of breathing deeply and rhythmically.

ANY outdoor sport is an excellent corrective. Cycling, tennis, rowing, swimming and riding are specially good. So are gardening, chopping wood or digging. If, however, circumstances make these impossible, try five minutes with a skipping rope first thing in the morning: this is a good stimulant for bowels that are sluggish.

The average housewife takes her exercise in the daily round of chores. She bends, she scrubs, she sweeps; she uses, in fact, all the necessary muscles for keeping the body in good working order.

There are special exercises for constipation which will prove effective if they are carried out with clockwork regularity. They should be done in moderation at first for undue fatigue will exascerbate rather than help the condition.

Try the following as an alternative to the other forms of exercise suggested.

1. Breathing exercise. Lie on your back with knees bent and hands on hips. Breathe through the nose, at the same time extending the abdomen. Breathe out and before you breathe again lift the chest high. Relax and repeat ten times.

2. Posture exercise. Sit on the edge of a chair with hands on hips and elbows drawn well back. Bend the body forward sharply, then holding the trunk rigid, throw the body backward thus lifting the feet from the floor. Repeated rapidly, this will cause a rocking movement. Breathe deeply while doing this exercise. Begin with fifteen times, increasing to fifty.

3. Squatting exercise. Stand with hands on hips and feet about a foot apart. With the body bent slightly forward, squat down as near the floor as possible. Repeat as in previous exercise. Diet, especially in the more chronic cases, can help, too.

A studied diet should include more fruit with stewed prunes and figs as a priority; wholemeal bread and vitamin B in the form of yeast tablets or a patent preparation like Bemax. Purgatives should be replaced by vegetable or herbal laxatives and an occasional colonic irrigation which has spectacular results in restoring vigour by removing intestinal congestion and the toxic condition which is the inevitable consequence of irregularity.

Constipation is a condition promoted by a too sedentary mode of life. The lack of exercise which stimulates abdominal muscles, starchy foods and nervous tension are main contributory causes. Correct these faults as far as possible and the cure is assured.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Oranges and Lemons

By Harriet Muir

THE bleakness of February is somewhat reflected in the housewife's resources. But the bright spot of February comes to the rescue; oranges and lemons and the delight of fully flavoured home-made marmalades and lemon curd. First then to make our preserves. Although I am writing about oranges and lemons, I shall give grapefruit a mention, while on the subject of marmalade.

ORANGE MARMALADE

Ingredients: 2 lb. Seville oranges; 1 lemon; 4 lb. sugar; water.

Choose good firm fruit without blemishes. Cut in quarters. Remove the skin (a very sharp knife is needed). Take away pips and hard pith. Shred skins very finely and place in a bowl with the pulp, cut in small pieces. Well cover with cold water about 3 pints per lb. of fruit and leave to stand 24 hours. Put pips in a bowl and cover with water, cover bowl and leave to stand also.

Next day add liquid from pips to pulp and boil till tender. Set aside overnight, bring to the boil in large preserving pan and add sugar, which should be warmed slightly. Boil till the marmalade sets, when tested on a saucer. This will probably take about 45 minutes. The syrup should be thick and transparent. Remove any scum and pour into perfectly clean, dry, warm jars. Cover at once with waxed papers. Cover and tie when cool.

TANGERINE MARMALADE

Ingredients: 2 lb. tangerines; 4 lb. sugar; 4 pints water; 4 lemons.

Wash fruit and cook gently in a little water till skin is tender. Strain, retaining the liquid. Cut fruit in quarters, remove pulp and cut it up. Shred skins very finely and put together with pulp and liquid in a bowl. Bring liquid up to 4 pints. Pour over fruit and leave 24 hours. Put pips in a bowl and cover with boiling water. Leave 24 hours also. Next day cook all gently in a large preserving pan for about 40 minutes, add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil briskly till set.

LEMON AND GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Ingredients: 1 lemon; 1½ grapefruit; 1 pint water; sugar.

Wash and quarter fruit. Skin and shred finely. Cut pulp in small pieces, removing pips. Tie pips in a muslin bag. Put peel, pulp and pips in preserving pan with water, boil gently till the water is reduced and the contents of the pan thick and soft. Remove muslin bag, squeezing all the liquid possible from it into the fruit. Weigh a bowl; pour contents of pan into it and weigh again, add equal weight of sugar to the weight of fruit. Boil for about ½ an hour or till set.

LEMON CURD

Ingredients: 1 lb. granulated sugar; ¼ lb. margarine; rind and juice of 3 lemons; 4 eggs, shell or reconstituted.

Mix sugar, margarine and rind and juice of the lemons in a double pan. Stir till sugar is dissolved, cool slightly and add well beaten eggs. Simmer till mixture thickens. This lemon curd will keep for some time.

Here are two sweets which will be delicious when made with your home made preserves.

ORANGE GATEAU

Ingredients: 5 oz. flour; 2 oz. semolina; 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; water icing; teaspoonful baking powder; 1 egg reconstituted; 1 orange; orange marmalade; thick custard; sherry.

Cream margarine with sugar, add egg well beaten, rind of the orange grated and juice of half orange. Mix in the flour gradually, with baking powder and semolina, together with 4 tablespoonfuls of milk and water mixed. Beat well and turn into a well greased cake tin and bake in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 350°F. about 30 minutes.

When cold split in three layers, spread two rounds with a good layer of marmalade, the third with a thin layer of thick custard, flavoured with sherry, cover the gateau with water icing flavoured with juice from second half of orange. Decorate with a lattice of butter icing and halves of glacé cherries.

LEMON FEATHER DARIOLLES

Ingredients: 5 oz. flour; 2 oz. margarine; 1 egg reconstituted; 2 oz. sugar; 1 lemon; 1 tablesp. lemon curd; 1 tablesp. milk.

Cream margarine and sugar. Add egg, well beaten, grated rind of half lemon and juice of half a lemon. Mix in the flour and about a tablespoonful of milk. Well grease dariolle moulds. Put a teaspoonful lemon curd at the bottom of each. Half fill with mixture and bake in moderate oven Regulo 4 or 350° F. about 15–20 minutes. Turn out of tins and put half cherry on top of each. Serve with a tablespoonful lemon curd warmed in a pan and thickened with a teaspoonful of cornflour, made into paste with a little cold water. Add a little water if necessary to make required consistency.

Crêpes

American Breakfast Biscuits

Breakfast without Bacon

ONE hears more moaning over the breakfast situation than any other meal, perhaps because we face the problem in the early morning!

Breakfast is, after all, almost the most important meal as the family may not eat well again till supper.

We are used to associating certain dishes with breakfast so that when we are told corned beef is to assist the bacon problem it sounds unsuitable; but there are a number of little breakfast dishes which I think will combine quite as well with corned beef as with more orthodox fillings.

FRENCH TOAST FINGERS

Cut very thin slices of bread in fingers about 3 or 4 inches long and 1½ inches wide. Toast on one side only, spread bread side well with margarine. Meanwhile have ready a few cooked prunes, stoned and chopped small warmed through and drained. Cream 2 or 3 oz. of corned beef with enough of the prune juice to moisten. Put a layer of prune on half fingers with a layer of mince on top. Put a second finger on top. Garnish with mustard and cress.

CRÊPES

Ingredients: ¾ lb. flour; dessertspoonful baking powder; walnut margarine; pinch salt; milk and water; 1 egg.

Mix baking powder and salt into flour. Beat egg in bowl and add a little milk and margarine melted. Gradually add flour, with enough milk and water to make a very thick batter like thick cream. Grease a thick frying pan or girdle and drop tablespoonfuls of batter a little way apart. Cook 3 or 4 minutes on each side. Meanwhile cream a little corned beef and mashed potato together in a pan with enough gravy to moisten.

These little pancakes should be thick and not folded, like Scotch pancakes. Pile a little mixture on top of each. Garnish with mustard and cress or parsley and serve very hot.

American biscuits or potato cakes are very good split and spread either with minced corned beef or sandwiched with a slice of meat. All these recipes are equally good with fish or savoury fillings for other occasions.

AMERICAN BREAKFAST BISCUITS

Ingredients: 3 oz. fat; 1 lb. flour; pinch salt; 1 egg; ½ pint milk and water mixed; teaspoonful baking powder.

Add salt and baking powder to flour. Rub in fat. Make a hole in centre and add beaten egg (this can be omitted) and milk and water. Work into a soft dough. Roll out to about ½ in. thick. Cut rounds about 3 in. across. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 (*Continued on page 58*)

Why Was The Pastry Tough?

PASTRY, like other things depending on handling rather than ingredients, can often play tricks. An essential factor with good short or flaky pastry is fat of good shortening quality.

One uses lard in preference to other fat. Nowadays when cooking fat varies greatly in quality I prefer to use half cooking fat and half margarine, and when possible I maintain the old proportion of half fat to flour for short pastry for the same reason. But if the fat is good, 3 oz. to 8 oz. of flour should do. The less you handle pastry the less likely it is to go hard. Knead and roll as little as possible. Pastry needs air.

Use cold utensils and when rubbing in fat use the finger tips and be thorough over this process. Use a minimum of flour on the board when rolling, as this tends to make the outside of crust hard. Pastry benefits by standing for 30 minutes in a cool place before rolling out.

If pastry is too wet, or cooked in too slow an oven, it will be tough. Use just enough water to avoid cracking when rolling, and the richer *the pastry the* hotter *the oven should be. Temperature for short pastry should be Regulo 7, reducing to 6 or 450° F. reducing to 400° F. Use an even hotter temperature for puff or flaky pastry.*

Live Alone and Like It

SOME people are born reclusive, others have to learn to live alone and like it. This applies to most women.

An aptitude for solitude is a good thing. It is a source of strength and a fund of independence well worth cultivating.

The secret of living alone and liking it is, of course, in liking yourself. Don't confuse loneliness with being alone. They are entirely different. Aloneness should be a state of peace. Loneliness (as applied to shutting your own front door and leaving the world outside) is often a state of panic.

Nine out of ten women newly confronted with the prospect of living alone develop jitters which entirely obscure for the time being, the advantages of the situation. Burglar complexes; mice in the wainscot; shadows posing as spectres crowd the scene and swell the state of panic already induced by the quite erroneous conviction that being alone is a penance and "doing for yourself" just not worth while.

All this is, of course, baloney, but living alone, like caviare and oysters and other luxuries that can be named is an acquired taste and only the initiate can savour the fullness of it. The trouble is that initial misunderstanding of the potentialities drives so many women to abandoning the experiment before it has a chance to succeed.

LIVING alone does not necessitate becoming a recluse, but it does mean a measured independence of other people's company. You must like yourself well enough to make it worth while to take trouble in the home for you alone. Your interests must be such that they can be enjoyed without aid. Above all you must not take yourself or the situation too seriously. You are not Robinson Crusoe, you are a person with limitless resources that only need to be discovered.

When your own stupidity precipitates a domestic crisis (if you have let the boiler go out, or fused the cooker) there is only yourself to blame for it. On the other hand you don't have to propitiate a plaintive husband or a peevish friend. That is one on the credit side.

Alone you have freedom of taste: you determine your own setting. It can be a riot of cretonne or leather austerity and nobody to answer to but yourself. When friends intrude upon your solitude they will find you confident and poised against your chosen background if you are handling your life well. Your books, your pictures and appointments, not to mention your food, are evidence of your unfettered self expression.

ALL very anti-social, you may say, and the inevitable road to a self centred life. Nonsense. If you can come to such good terms with yourself that you can live happily in your own company when the need arises you will have achieved a frame of mind in which to spread your own contented philosophy.

To live alone and not like it; to be morbid, lonely or bored is a sign of emotional immaturity, of a failure to come to terms with life and to make of yourself an individual entity, free, unfettered and capable of shaping your ends instead of drifting in any direction in which your emotions lead.

ON the debit side, it is more expensive than sharing a home. You may probably spend a disproportionate percentage of your income on rent. It is also true that a meal for two costs little more than for one.

> Only women can fully appreciate the significance of "a place of one's own," the importance of an anchorage and an outlet for those women's interests which are centred in personal possessions. The right to be king of your own castle is worth a certain degree of initial struggle to condition oneself to circumstances which, to the initiate, appear formidable because they are unfamiliar.

It is a fact that living alone calls for more art and more planning than any other way of life, but in this fact alone lies the prospect of developing individuality and independence in the widest sense of the term.

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Above: Live alone like this and you won't like it, but rate yourself important enough to justify a personal background of comfort and charm, however simple, like the room on the right and you are on the way to contented isolation

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The Aid of the Party

IT is an unhappy truth that one has come to view the prospect of giving a party with a decided sinking inside. To the time-worn bogey "will it go?" is added the problem of the food, not to say the drink upon which the "going" seems so much to depend.

In fact it is not the accessories of a party such as food and drink that really make its success but the stage management. Too many hostesses allow preoccupation with these admittedly indispensable accessories to obscure this important fact.

By depriving oneself and the family of a month's rations to make a sumptuous repast for guests one does not necessarily guarantee that a party goes with a swing.

A first rule is to avoid having more people at once than with which your house, and your domestic resources can cope without strain. This is not as easy as it sounds since once launched on a party project, the inevitable "but we can't leave out so-and-so" crops up. In fact, one must be firm about this.

The classic rule for entertaining is to mingle your guests judiciously. It applies no matter in what circles you move or how simple your entertaining. As far as possible mix the people who are likely to interest, or amuse each other and ruthlessly omit, for this occasion, anyway, the ones who won't.

If you are giving a drinks and conversation party with snacks thrown in, this is all the more important. If it is a whole evening's affair, make plans for entertaining as carefully as you plan the food. If there is to be dancing, clear a sufficient space, even if it means temporarily divesting the room of some of its prettiest features. One does not readily associate comfort with a party, yet it is a basic factor of success. There should be room for everybody to sit at ease (here you see the importance of limited numbers) room to dance with enjoyment; food service which does not create chaos and leave people holding empty plates and glasses without a clear surface upon which to dispose of them. These may seem to be small things but, between them, they add up to comfort and pleasure.

If you can send guests away with the impression that you as hostess have been fun, the party's success is assured. To do this you must be unflurried—all plans must be made fool-proof by forward planning so that you yourself are composed, and entirely carefree to devote yourself to your guests.

Limit decorative effects for a party. Space is all important. Colourful decorations at safe strategic points are best. Artificial flowers in a toy wheelbarrow for the mantelpiece are safe from upsetting. Grapes and roses in a shallow dish, are good for a table

Don't Say That At The Inquest

(*Continued from page 12*)

WINKLE Beach Golf Club lies on a pretty stretch of the English South Coast. From the top of the cliffs the Isle of Wight can be seen; great steamers inward and outward bound from Southampton; yachts from the many Solent sailing clubs. There were rabbits on the course, also gorse and a little heather; in summer time there were some adders too. An old minefield lay round the end of the second hole, and on the right of the third and fourth fairways; the area was still wired off on account of the chance of undetected mines.

Such then was the scene of the golf match between Willy and Danny for a fifty-pound purse, winner take all.

They took Walters along believing that at eleven o'clock in the morning he should at least be able to say how many strokes each player had taken before reaching the green; also he would be a witness of unpermissible acts such as dropping a club when the other player was going to putt. And he would be strictly impartial, for his manner made clear he felt no esteem for either player.

At quarter to eleven Danny came round to pick up Willy and Walters. If it had not been for the money he would have let Willy walk.

Willy called out: "Glad to see you Danny, didn't think you'd turn up."

Walters came down the steps as if he was coming down from the top of the Great Pyramid, halting on each step to feel for his foothold. He stopped at the bottom, stared at the Rover, and said to Danny: "You've got another car."

Danny and Willy exchanged glances. Had Walters been asleep on the veranda of the golf club yesterday afternoon?

Before getting in the car Danny asked: "Brought your money, Willy. Mine's here," he tapped his pocket.

Willy said that he had; he suggested they asked the Club Steward to hold the stakes?

Walters held out his hand. "The referee is the proper person to hold the stakes."

As he wasn't going to be out of their sight, Willy and Danny agreed to this. Willy pulled his roll of fivers from his pocket, wetted his thumb, counted out ten, and passed them to Walters. Danny handed over a more bulky package.

"Count 'em," Willy advised Walters.

A few of the "Veterans" were sitting in the bow window of the club when Danny drove up with his party. To be a Veteran at Winkle Beach Golf Club, a player had to be over sixty; he was then entitled to play for the Veteran's Cup Annual knock-out match played for with all the zest of gladiators.

Some half dozen of the old boys were sitting there that morning, making no attempt to read their papers, since the last arrival had brought in news of the match.

Walters, Willy and Danny came in. Walters went straight to the bell, the others hung around knowing they could do nothing with him till he had a drink. When a waitress came in Walters followed her into the cubby hole where the liquor was kept. He came out fairly soon, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth. "Ready?" he asked the two; then addressed the Veterans. "I have been asked to referee a match for fifty pounds."

The Veterans stared at Willy and Danny. All were very old members; none of them remembered a match for more than ten shillings being played on the course.

"Let's get started," Danny suggested.

Both drove from the first tee, and were walking after their balls when Willy looked round and exclaimed: "Blast!"

Danny saw the reason for his annoyance. The Veterans were coming out from the Club House to watch the match. A gallery did not suit Danny either.

The first trouble came when Danny's ball went down a rabbit hole on the second fairway.

He stood over the hole. "All right, if a ball goes down a rabbit hole you drops another without penalty." Danny fished a ball from his pocket and held it over his shoulder.

Willy objected. "You can't do that unless you can find your ball in the rabbit hole, and you haven't. Isn't that right?" he appealed to Walters.

Walters was drinking from a flask he had had filled at the club; he replaced the stopper and wiped his lips. "I haven't the least idea."

Willy said gently: "Surely you know the rules of golf?"

"I know nothing whatever about them; I have never played the game in my life." Walters took another swig and replaced the stopper of his flask.

Danny walked up to Walters, bent-legged, chin thrust forward: "Then why the 'ell did you offer to referee this match?"

"I did not offer to; you invited me," Walters said with dignity, uncorking his flask again. He took a long drink.

Willy flicked his wrist and looked at his watch.

"In a match you are only allowed five minutes to look for a lost ball, and you've had it. Let's go on the next tee, Danny. All square, my drive."

The third hole was a short one, calling for an iron shot from the tee over a ravine. The green was surrounded by gorse; wire, marking the old minefield, ran to the right of it. It was the sort of hole a player could take three strokes over or ten.

Willy got a nice shot that pitched past the hole, and bounced into the edge of the gorse. Danny's tee shot was badly sliced and landed over the wire.

Willy said: "That's a goner."

Danny teed up another ball, and this time got on the green.

As they were leaving the tee Willy noticed Walters standing staring fixedly at the place where Danny's first shot had gone.

"I know exactly where it is," Walters said.

"Don't you go on the other side of the wire," Willy warned him.

Danny and Willy left the tee to cross the footbridge over the ravine, followed by the Veterans. When they came up on to the green after crossing the ravine, Willy was not sure at which point his ball had gone into the gorse. Danny's second drive was lying at the edge of the green below the hole.

Helped by the Veterans, a search started along the edge of the gorse.

Willy looked to see what Danny was doing and saw him standing some yards away looking at a patch of heather on the edge of the gorse.

Then he saw Danny raise his club above his head, appear as if he was going to strike something, hesitate, and lower the club after looking in Willy's direction.

Next came a shout. "I've got it," from Danny.

Wondering where the catch was, Willy walked over. Sure enough Danny had found his ball; it lay in some brownish heather rather close under a clump of gorse.

"You can just play it," Danny said.

Willy decided to try to play it, rather than lose a penalty stroke for dropping.

Danny, watching in a half dazed, fascinated way, saw Willy put his foot within six inches of the nose of an adder dozing in the brown heather. The adder struck, got the leather toe of his golf shoe, and Willy spring back.

Looking at Danny he saw he was laughing.

White with rage, Willy advanced upon the little jockey. "Why didn't you tell me that adder was there?"

"Which adder?" Danny asked.

"You know. I saw you raise your club to kill something and change your mind—there." Willy pointed to where his ball still lay.

"Oh that—that's a grass snake."

Willy got him by the collar and dragged him towards the place. "Stroke it then."

Danny felt himself being forced forward towards the little brown snake with a V on its head. He yelled: "He's trying to murder me."

The Veterans came forward, not quite sure how much of all this was play. Willy tightened his hold on Danny. The little adder, scared by the commotion, slithered into the gorse and disappeared. When the Veterans came on the scene, there was nothing there but Willy's ball lying where Danny had found it.

Danny cashed in on the situation instantly. He screwed his head round under Willy's arm, winked at the Veterans and said: "He has seen a snake!"

Willy let go of Danny. "I did see a snake; it's gone back in the gorse now. It was lying right by my ball in the heather." He pointed at Danny. "That little rat was going to let me step on it."

Danny shook his head from side to side. "I didn't see any snake."

The Veterans looked at Willy's florid face and remembered one of the party had been carrying round a flask.

One of the Veterans exclaimed: "Look at that fellow!"

They looked. Walters had climbed under the wire and was meandering about in the minefield, poking at bits of gorse with a club, evidently searching for the first ball Danny had sliced off the tee.

A Veteran shouted. "Hey sir! Come away from there; you are in danger!"

"The blithering idiot!" Danny said, looking at Walters.

One of the Veterans, a retired army man, said: "If he steps on anything we shall get it here."

Another Veteran yelled: "Come back on this side of the wire at once. You are endangering your life and everybody else's."

Walters brandished his empty flask and continued banging about with the club looking for Danny's ball.

"What is the radius of the explosion of those land mines, General?" one Veteran asked.

The General did not know what type had been used; he thought they should be safe if they went some fifty yards away on the other side of a hillock. "But we can't leave that fellow there; I'll go down and get him myself," he went forward.

That was when Walters stepped on the mine.

When the Veterans sorted themselves out they found no one had been hurt. Billy and Danny were clasped in each other's arms with their faces buried against each other's shoulders. The General parted them. "All over now, gentlemen. You can get up from the ground."

Danny rose, still holding his hands interlocked behind his head. "What happened to Walters?"

The General was looking round at the earth and rubble strewn green. Danny saw the old officer's face contract in a look of distaste as he bent and picked something up.

"He was a red haired cove, wasn't he?" the General asked, holding out a bit of skin with red hairs on the back.

Willy examined the relic. "Would there be any more of him?"

The General shook his head. "Very little. Stepping on a mine he would have been in the centre of the explosion."

Danny came forward. The little jockey's face was a bad colour. "Willy, you an' me had best go and see what's 'appened to our 'undred quid."

As Colonel Forrard came into the room, the sergeant of police was saying to Danny: "Now tell me in your own words exactly what happened."

Danny's eyes went round the room like the dimmed lamps of a lighthouse. When he saw Colonel Forrard in the door-way his thin tight little lips curved in an uneasy smile. "There's Colonel (*Continued on page 54*)

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Forrard, the Captain of the Club, just come, Sergeant."

The Sergeant wished the Colonel good-day, apologized for inconveniencing the club, and invited him to take a seat.

The Sergeant repeated his question to Danny: "You were going to tell me what happened, Mr. Fligh."

Danny said: "I don't know just what happened. Willy here, and me, was trying to kill a snake when the mine went off; an adder it were."

Willy made a bubbling noise through his lips. The Sergeant glanced at him, then looked round the room. "Did anyone present see Mr. Walters climb over the wire on to the mine field?"

A Veteran said: "We were all up on the third green looking for Mr. Dorset's ball."

The Sergeant nodded. He already knew the bare details about the match, and Walters going as referee. He turned to Danny:

"Do you know why Mr. Walters went over the wire?"

" 'Cos I sliced my ball over there—had to play another."

Colonel Forrard leaned forward. He knew that Danny's method of holding a club as tightly as he could with his right hand made it almost impossible for him to slice; his normal shot was a quick hook.

Willy said: "You didn't slice, you were standing that way."

Danny swivelled his eyes round. "I suppose I knows best how I plays me own shots, don't I?"

Willy continued: "And you did not try to kill the adder; you left the adder there by my ball hoping it would bite me."

Danny warped his face into a grin. "Don't you take no notice of 'im, Sergeant; he will have his joke."

The Sergeant had come to the club house to investigate the death of Walters. "Who first noticed he had gone over the wire?"

"I saw him," the Veteran who was a retired West African official, said.

"We called to him to come back because he was in danger, but he took no notice of us," another told the Sergeant.

Don't Say That At The Inquest

The old General, who had been ready to go over the wire and fetch Walters in, continued: "He had been drinking—I don't think the fellow knew where he was or cared—I was going over to try to get him when the bally mine went up."

Of course the Sergeant knew as much about Walters drinking as he did about Danny's book-making and he was now beginning to be able to put the story together. The sarcastic way Willy kept smiling was not giving the Sergeant any pleasure. He said to Willy:

"Couldn't you have taken better care of him? It wasn't very clever letting a man, who had been drinking, wander on to a mine field after a lost ball, rather like letting a blind man walk over the edge of a cliff."

"It wasn't at all clever. Cost me fifty quid and him too," Willy jerked his thumb at Danny.

"How did it do that?" the Sergeant asked.

"He was holding the stakes. Ten fivers of mine and fifty oncers of Danny's," Willy spread his arms. "All gone with the wind."

The Sergeant looked at the two players, he knew Danny's value as a citizen and did not think a lot of this high grade playboy they called "Willy." He said to Danny:

"I should have thought if Mr. Walters was carrying your money you'd have looked after him better."

Danny was about to speak when Willy's toe connected with his ankle; he swallowed and said nothing. The Sergeant closed his note-book. "That will be all for the present gentlemen, there will be an inquest, of course."

AS soon as they were alone, Willy said: "You were going to tell the Sergeant you forgot Walters was carrying the stakes—weren't you, Danny?"

"Well—I. . . ." Danny's eyes swivelled.

"I know you were," Willy said. "Don't say that at the inquest, you silly little man."

"Thanks pal," Danny said humbly. "When we gets up to the hotel, I'll buy you a drink."

END

Boat-Neck Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to st.st. Work 2 ins. Now work 2 rows garter st. (to reverse patt. for turn back cuff). Continue for 12 ins. (14 ins. from the cast-on edge.)

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Then cast off 2 at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 60 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 34 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side of work. Sew up the side seams. Pass the front ribbing of neck over the back ribbing for 2 ins. (This forms the shoulder and neck shaping.) Sew in sleeves, turning back the cuffs and sl.st. to keep in position. Sew in sleeves. Press all seams.

END

Full-Sleeved Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

of the next 2 armhole end rows. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 51 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 37 sts. remain. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the Right Front with shapings at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 63 sts. Work in moss st. for ¾ in. **Next row.**—K. 2 into every st. (126 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. (Cast on 1 st.) (127 sts.) Work 13 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 62 sts. remain. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 13 needles cast on 131 sts. Work on moss st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 141 sts., then dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 119 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT BANDS

With No. 13 needles cast on 9 sts. Work in moss st. Work 12 rows. **Next row.**—Moss st. 2, cast off 1, moss st. 3, cast off 1. moss st. 2. **Next row.**—Moss st. 2, cast on 1, moss st. 3, cast on 1. Moss st. 2. Work until band measures 16 ins., making slots 4½ ins. apart, the last slots to come at the top of the neck line. Work 2 rows moss st. Cast off.

Work another strip, omitting slots.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on front bands. With a No. 5 steel crochet hook work one row of double crochet round the neck. Sew on collar. Work one row of double crochet round the outer edge of the collar. Sew on press studs, under slots on the front bands.

Press all seams. Thread ribbon through slots and tie in bow. Thread cord or elastic through holes at the lower edge of blouse.

END

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Diamond Cut Diamond

(*Continued from page* 15)

He had the diamonds on him, and could think of no câche which the experienced detectives would not soon discover. His wife had just made some coffee, and on the spur of the moment he dropped all his stones into the hot coffee-pot.

The search was thorough, and the detectives even cut open some newly baked loaves, for diamonds have often been hidden in bread, buns and pies. But their suspicions were turned from the coffee-pot by an hospitable invitation to *help themselves* to a cup of coffee ! Years afterwards this man was able to boast of his smuggling exploits, for unless diamonds are actually found in a man's possession it is almost impossible to prove a charge of theft.

Hatton Garden, a dull London street, is still the centre of the world's diamond trade, but the bulk of the business there is not conducted in strong rooms under the vigilant eyes of detectives, as might be supposed. It is carried on by bowler-hatted dealers on the kerb-stones, and the diamonds are stored in waistcoat pockets. You can burgle a strong room, but you cannot burgle a man on a public pavement, especially if he keeps walking about.

Though some diamond cutting is done in Hatton Garden, the centre of the cutting trade is Amsterdam. Here, the finest craftsmen ply their risky trade with uncanny skill. Diamonds may be cleaved by being struck with a hammer, or cut by a circular saw whose teeth are themselves small diamonds. A single false stroke and a priceless stone may be shattered to fragments; a single wrongly directed cut, and a facet which should have twinkled like the evening star will remain dull as glass.

The natural form of a diamond crystal is an octohedron, but the rough stones seldom approach this ideal shape. They are more often irregularly rounded pebbles, but their internal structure can be detected by optical means, and the cutting done accordingly. The chief shapes given to them are the "brilliant," the "rose" and the "rosette," but "drop" shapes and other unusual forms are sometimes adopted. The brilliant has fifty-eight facets in all, the rose twenty-five, and the rosette (which is a double rose) fifty.

Hardest of all known substances, and possessing the power of splitting white light into vivid rainbow colours, the diamond has always been looked upon as a "magic" stone. Yet, like graphite, it is only a crystalline form of carbon, and it burns like charcoal to form carbon dioxide, the gas in soda-water.

It can, indeed, be made from lamp-black or coke, under great pressure at white heat, but the synthetic stones are very small and not of gem quality. The largest so far made is no more than one-thirtieth of an inch long, and cost more than a natural stone good enough for an engagement ring.

Yet the large-scale manufacture of synthetic diamonds would bring a fortune to the discoverer of an economic process, for there is an insatiable demand for small diamonds in industry. On the other hand, the large-scale manufacture of gem-quality stones would ruin everybody connected with the diamond trade, including the inventor ! The real test of wealth is utility, and the real wealth of a diamond lies in its ability to cut every other known substance.

The annual weight of diamonds used in the various branches of engineering is more than double that used in jewellery. Diamond is used in the form of an abrasive powder for trueing up grinding wheels, turning machine parts where great accuracy is required.

In crystal form it is used for glass-cutting and drilling, fine wire drawing, plastic fibre manufacture, and for bearings in delicate instruments. The diamond has become indispensable in the manufacture of laundry and textile machinery, the manufacture of electric motors and dynamos, in all types of vulcanite machining—and, of course, for cutting other diamonds. Its latest use is in apparatus for detecting dangerous radiations from radio-active materials, for good crystals of the right type are extremely sensitive to electronic rays.

For industrial purposes, "inferior" grades of diamond are used, though the term "inferior" only means that the stones are not large and clear enough to be clipped upon ladies and emperors. In a utilitarian age one would expect the merely ornamental varieties to be classed as the "inferior," but fortunately we are not yet wholly utilitarian in our disposal of the world's wealth.

The chief types of diamond used in industry are known as "bort" and "carbonado." Bort is badly coloured, semi-transparent diamond, and carbonado is the black diamond, and they come principally from the Belgian Congo and Brazil, respectively. But they are *diamond*, and it may be surprising to know that the Belgian Congo produces five times as much diamond as South Africa, though the market value of the South African stones is five times that produced by the Belgian Congo.

The South African diamonds are of gem quality, and though they total only one-eighth of the world's supply they equal half the world's diamond value. This inequality in values is a measure of a very old, and quite irrational, human weakness. This is to ascribe value to an article simply because, although useless, it happens to be rare.

Stones as beautiful as the diamond can be made quite cheaply, but beauty is no more the principal quality in diamonds than it is in postage stamps. It is rarity that counts, and rarity in diamonds is chiefly a matter o size.

END

Whitehall On The Move

(*Continued from page* 13)

locating the Court quickly in some distant county, this peripatetic system was dropped, and the public officials settled down in the recently built Palace of Westminster.

In these very early days the State servants attached to the Court of Westminster were ecclesiastics because only men of clerical training were learned enough to run the State's business. Laymen began to be accepted at Westminster in the fourteenth century—against opposition at first—and before long they had replaced even the ecclesiastical heads of Chancery (which managed legal and foreign affairs) and the Exchequer (the old equivalent of the Treasury).

But Whitehall was yet to appear on the map of Westminster. In Roman times the area on which it now stands was marshland, but by the thirteenth century it was a place of attractive houses and gardens. One of these was York House, famous as the residence of Wolsey some 300 years later. When Henry VIII acquired York House, enlarged its grounds and changed its name to Whitehall, the name was born. And when the same title was given to the thoroughfare that ran north and south through the grounds, the street called Whitehall came into being.

The history of Whitehall since then is largely the history of the Civil Service. With the increase through the centuries of central government activity, the famous street has greatly changed and not many of the old features remain. Alongside the Georgian Admiralty buildings, the Horse Guards and Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall stand the massive offices of a later period. Continued growth has pushed "Whitehall" well beyond the street itself, until now there are in London ten Ministries and several other chief departments, of it but not in it.

Whitehall's proposed deployment to the provinces may mean all kinds of inconveniences, but it is an interesting experiment. One of its best results may be to bring civil servants and the general public up and down the country into closer touch with one another than they have been before.

END

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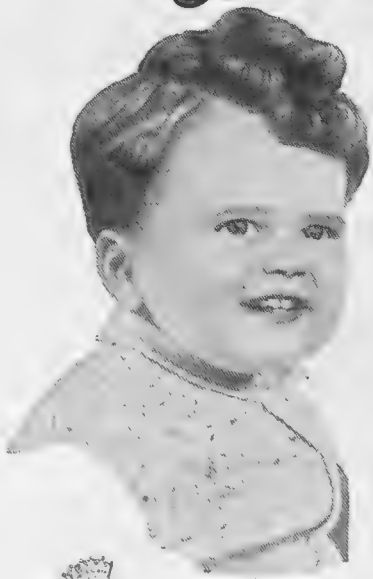

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The Centenary Of Sin Town

(*Continued from page* 16)

Sutter in transit, and by the time he was requesting land from the Mexican Governor of California, it was 1839. The commanding and likeable newcomer chose the Sacramento Valley, became a Mexican, and built historic Fort Sutter (he called it "New Helvetia") from which he set about trading with the outside world and particularly with the Russians up at Sitka. Odd about that, viewed from to-day! The Russians were established much farther south in what is now Upper California, and from their base at Fort Ross, used to descend to San Francisco Bay, hunting the otter. When they had finally taken all the skins to be had, they sold Fort Ross to Sutter—the year was 1841—and left for Russian-America (Alaska) never to return south again.

Sutter sided with the American Conquest and, by 1848, had grown to be a farming and trading emperor. So much so that he was in no way stampeded by the first réports of a gold strike in his territory. But sprouting little San Francisco was! Round raced the word: "Up at Coloma. The place where Sutter is building his sawmill. The tailrace is full of gold flakes." Sam Brannan, editor, vamped up a terrific story that gripped the world. Sam became San Francisco's first boss and millionaire, and they do give him the credit of being the author of the Gold Rush.

SIN TOWN, otherwise the first San Francisco, sprang to life from two factors: the miners came in, demanding the gaudiest of flings each time their satchels were well filled with gold flakes and nuggets; and the one word GOLD! resounding round the world, drew non-stop swarms of get-rich-anyhow dealers and shopkeepers, gamblers, sharpers, saloon-keepers and brothel-mongers. There was a finer element involved, but it had to fight for air.

At the height of the Forty-Nine, San Francisco shopkeepers sold 850,000 dollars worth of foodstuffs and other necessities to the miners, in sixteen weeks, and more still was taken off shipload after shipload of immigrants who were willing to pay any price for camping outfits, picks, shovels, pans, and rockers. At one juncture there were 300 ships in harbour, most of them crazily beached and empty. All—crew included—had rushed up to the diggings, to what was fully living up to its name—Red River.

But money fleeced in the retail trade paled beside the sums that changed hands in round-the-clock "sprees" when payment was freely by nugget and gold flake. "In 1850," writes Miss Atherton, "there were almost as many gambling houses, saloons, and houses of prostitution in San Francisco as there were dwelling and business establishments." The centre of it all was Montgomery Street, known to early San Franciscans as "The Ambrosial Path." Here were festooned the poolrooms and the fandangos, the saloons, "snugs," skid-rows, halls, minstrelsy, the vaudeville stages and the eating places—and how early San Francisco ate! Platefuls of free lunches were to be had at bars that pretended to a name.

It was outside an Ambrosial "snug" that the budding city's most sensational murder was committed—the shooting of General Richardson by Charles Cora, a professional gambler married to the queen of the underworld, Irish-Italian Bella Cora.

Some daring dandies in a box smiled in the direction of what Richardson took to be his wife and daughter. Judge of the General's indignation when he found that the smiles were meant for Bella, the underworld queen, in the background! Richardson felt insulted and thereafter sought out Cora, for insult, on every occasion. He did so once too often.

The Vigilantes hanged Cora, and with him was hanged one Casey who shot to death William King, first editor to try to clean up San Francisco.

The Vigilantes came about because no law could prosper amid the corruption which sprang mainly from the Fire Department. In five years, 1,000 murders were committed, and only one man was condemned to death by law.

The Volunteer Fire Department was the craziest facet of all. In its first five years San Francisco was burnt down six times. There were certainly two aids to the fires: the place was an agglomeration of wood buildings, and the wind was apt to blow fiercely from several quarters at once. Yet it sticks out a mile that some of the fires, at least, were man-contrived, with the Fire Department as planner.

The volunteer fire-fighters actually liked going to fires, made it their principal sport, in fact. They formed themselves into Engine Companies which competed against each other as had it been a baseball league. Each Company had its engine house and sported a challenging name like "Knickerbocker II" (New York) or "High Tone Twelve" (The South). When the great fire bell clanged, the Volunteers set everything aside, even their drinks, rushed to their engine house, and raced their man-drawn engines to the fire. Their zeal was terrific because there was always a trophy—The Foxtail.

Each time this changed hands, the winning Company gave a "spree" which culminated in all singing "The Fireman's Bride." In the absence of the real thing, the Volunteers substituted the "staged fire." And Fire Parades never ceased. The Department rolled in funds which enabled it to run local law and politics. Indeed, the only conclusion is that it was perpetually bought by builders and others who stood to gain each time, by a fresh set-up of the city!

The story ends with panic and—fire. In 1855 came a financial crash, and, the following year, the last of the six early burnings of San Francisco. The town that arose from the ashes of 1856 survived fifty years—until the "fire" of 1906. They never would let you call that catastrophe an earthquake. I had argument on argument. Maybe "earthquake" sounded too branding a visitation, apt to keep people off. Or maybe San Francisco just had "fire" on the brain. They sure did have cause.

END

Breakfast Without Bacon

(*Continued from page* 47)

or 450° F. about 15 minutes. Split, spread with margarine and fill.

A few beans in tomato make a nice accompaniment to any of these dishes.

MUSHROOM MEDALLIONS

Allow 2 medium sized mushrooms per person and 2 small rounds of toast (shape head with a round cutter).

Ingredients: 2 oz. brown crumbs; 2 or 3 oz. corned beef; walnut of margarine; squeezed lemon if available; tablespoonful chopped parsley; seasoning.

Grill mushrooms. Cream other ingredients together in a pan except margarine. Spread a little mixture on top of each mushroom with a dab of margarine on top. Pop under a not too hot grill for 3 or 4 minutes till mixture is cooked. Spread toast with margarine and put a mushroom on each round.

CORNED BEEF SAUSAGES

Ingredients: 4 oz. corned beef; 3 oz. breadcrumbs; pinch of mixed herbs or dessertspoonful chopped parsley; a little chopped cooked celery or a tablespoonful of celery or tomato soup; ¼ pint frying batter and brown crumbs.

Cream ingredients together adding enough soup to make a firm pliable mixture. Roll in the hands into thin sausages about 4 in. long. Flour the hands to prevent sticking. Dip in frying batter, coat with brown crumbs and fry till golden brown both sides. Serve with fried tomatoes.

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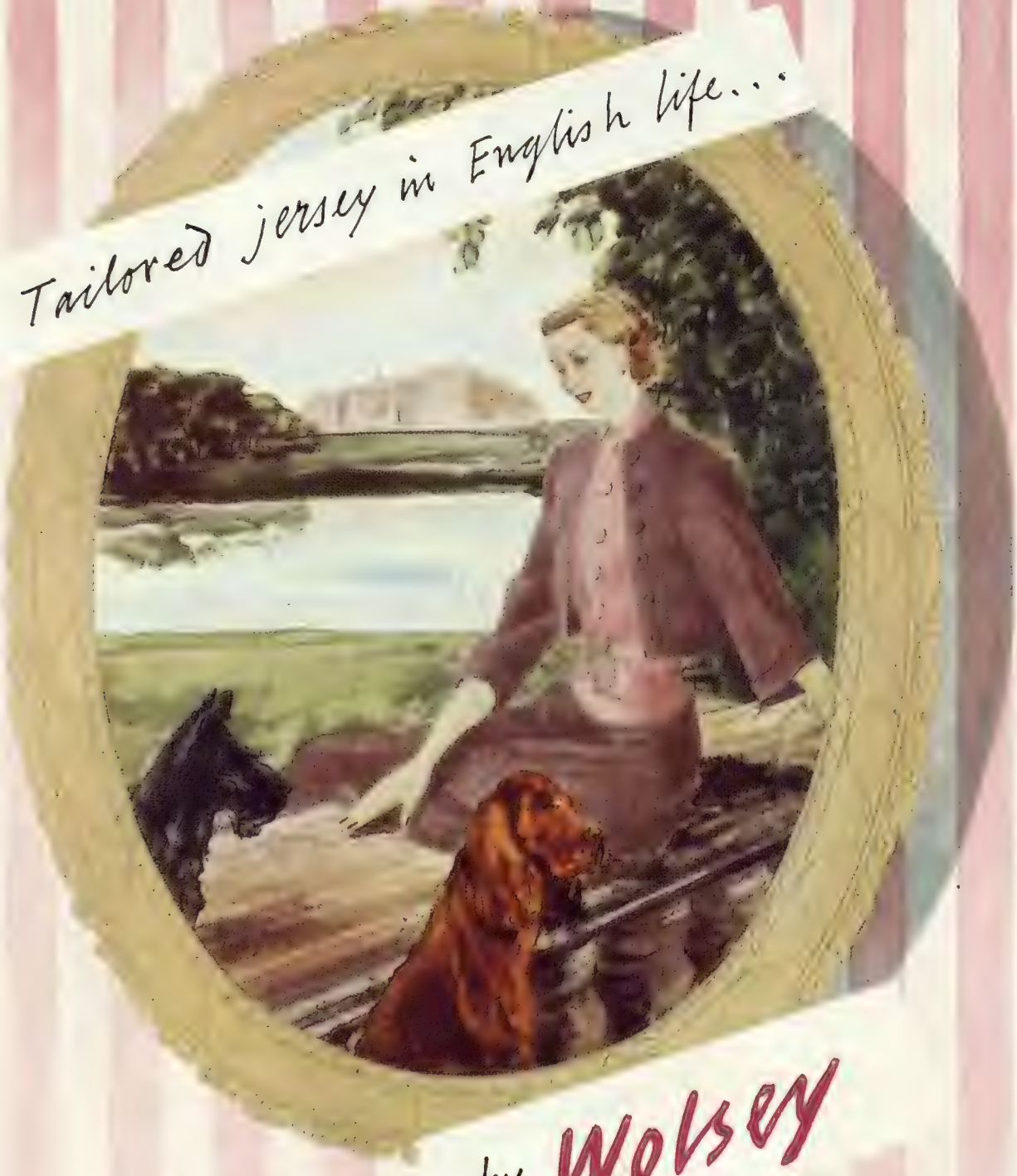

by Wolsey

Elegant informality in the park of a Vanbrugh mansion

Fishermen

(*Continued from page 20*)

and again when the telephone rings from another station, where another coastguard, equally stricken with boredom, decides to pass away five minutes in a "crack."

Down in the village a door opens from time to time and an old fisherman sticks out his bushy, white beard. Fifty years ago the fishermen went to sea in sailing-boats. Dependent on wind and tide, they had to put out of harbour an hour or two after midnight in order to reach the fishing grounds on time, and would be up every hour through the night to see how the wind lay.

In these relatively luxurious days of motor fishing-boats with paraffin-driven or diesel engines, the modern fisherman can get off to his fishing-grounds ten or a dozen miles off-shore in little more than an hour. So it is four or five o'clock in the morning before the first tilly-lamps are lit in the village and orange shafts of light shoot across the dark street from doors ajar, as here and there a skipper comes out, while his kettle is coming to the boil, to call up one of his crew. Very soon the dull heavy tread of rubber thigh-boots echoes up and down the street as the fishermen hurry down to the beach, each skipper anxious to get his boat away before the others and secure the best berth on the fishing grounds.

Taking their bearings by the red fixed-light on the cliffs away to the south, the boats plunge northwards into the grey gloom of the before-dawn. This is the fisherman's slackest hour of his working day. The skipper wedges himself into the narrow seat by the helm. The crew idly join up the three lines heaped in their wicker "swills" and coil the tow-ropes attaching lines to buoys and marker. For an hour or so they hold their course, while the cobles lose touch with one another, lost to sight in the heave and curve of the grey sea.

As the tide turns and the sea begins to run with the wind, the swell goes down somewhat and, very shortly, a black line of reefs comes into view. Slipping the compass-box under the stern seat the skipper doffs his oilskin and sou'wester, replacing the latter by a cloth cap, steps into his knee-length slops and, tying on his apron, signs to his son to throttle down the engine, while his brother tosses out the marker—a square of cork attached to a long pole with a small red flag—and after it the blue buoy-shaped floats and eighty fathoms of tow-rope. As the swell carries the boat away from the marker, the tow-rope drags out the first line from its "swill"; and the silvery hooks, lying all one way on their bed of grasses, flicker over the roller on the boat's gunwhale. Occasionally a score of hooks come out in a tangle, their "snoods" failing to hang freely from the line. When this happens the skipper makes a caustic remark to the effect that this is his brother's line, and brother Joe will have something to say about it to his old woman when he gets ashore—for baiting the lines is the women's job.

After an hour or so, the skipper knocks out his pipe and steers for the marker, while Joe gets ready to collar it with a boat-hook. Once the marker and floats are in, the skipper rolls up his jersey and, balancing on a couple of fish-boxes, begins hauling on the line. His fingers are protected by strips of felt, for that thin horsehair line has not only the weight of fish behind it, but the pull of tide or boat also; and sonny Jim, who unhooks the fish as they come up and chucks them into a box, has continually to adjust the throttle, according as the skipper finds the line hauling slack or tight.

The fish come up in batches—a score of fifty hooks with not a single fish, and then a score or fifty with a fish on almost every hook.

When half the line is in, Joe takes over from the skipper and fish begin to come in faster. By the time the last marker is aboard, four boxes are overflowing with fish. "Seventy-stone!" says the skipper cheerfully. "Sixty-five!" says the cautious Joe, as he unwinds his felt "mittens," adding pointedly that his line was the best-fished. But there is a cheerful atmosphere in the boat, as she puts about for port, full speed ahead, and Joe and Jim settle down to gutting the fish and packing them in the flat Billingsgate boxes, tossing the guts overboard.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 40*)

but will never deceive the people you are with unless they are so shortsighted that they cannot see without spectacles. Personally I think it is a great mistake to use make-up of any sort on the throat or hands, because powder and powder foundation is bound to come off on the collar of a dress or coat. It is far better to keep your hands in good condition with massage and hand lotions and so obviate the necessity of disguising imperfection with make-up. The same thing applies to the throat. The woman whose neck is several shades darker than her face should concentrate on massage and pack treatment rather than on make-up. There is no excuse for a shabby skin. Discoloured skin is merely a sign of neglect. When the face is massaged the same cream should be smeared over the throat and rubbed in with the finger tips or a rubber nail brush. These can now be obtained at almost any chemist. The advantage of the rubber nail brush is that it whips up the circulation twice as quickly as the finger tips.

Bleaching packs can be used most effectively on the throat. You will be able to find a yeast or bleaching pack of some sort at your chemist for a few pence. These packs usually have a drying effect which is the last thing we need for our complexions in these days. A good home-made pack consists of light magnesium powder mixed into a thin paste with witch hazel, rose water or plain water and applied for a few minutes after the skin has been washed with plenty of hot water and soap. After the pack has been washed off a good skin tonic should be dabbed on. This treatment can be continued once a week until the skin of the throat is the same colour as the complexion.

END

The Playful Squirrel

(*Continued from page 25*)

lives to a ripe old age (they sometimes live eight years) it would run a distance on its exercising wheel equivalent to the circumference of the earth—25,000 miles!

The food habits of the grey squirrel rob us of many tons of food every year. In one Hampshire field alone they accounted for a ton of wheat. In Cheshire they tore the wood from the window-frames of a place containing stored corn, and almost ate their way across the building. A poultry farmer reported the loss of 200 eggs which were later discovered in a grey squirrel's hide-out. The same culprits ravaged a tomato-grower's glasshouse, climbing in through the ventilators in the roof and then seizing the fruit.

It can be imagined that naturalists and agriculturists rue the day when this alien squirrel—this tree rat as it has deservedly been called—was released in England. Originally half a dozen grey squirrels were released at Woburn in 1890 and from this small stock they have covered the country. You are far more likely to-day to see a grey rather than a red, and therefore true native squirrel.

END

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A Lass And A Lackey

(Continued from page 28)

"I can't go on. It's impossible," Letitia said softly as if to herself; it was the relief of finding a confidante. "But I've got to wait until Crispin comes home."

"When will that be?"

"I don't know. I pray every night that it will be soon."

"Have you told him?"

"I haven't told anyone until you turned up like a bad penny. I am not sure that even Crispin will understand."

Red patted her hand. It was soft, manicured: and listless. Not the firm, sometimes grubby little paw he recalled protruding from W.A.A.F. dungarees. Steadily, not a hint of what he desired to say intruding, he advised:

"Stick it out. Until he comes home—this time."

Letitia dabbed at her eyes and nodded.

IN the High Street when he left Red kissed her. And later when Lady Violet was telephoning her trembling warning Letitia recalled that she had clung—rather. Back at Four Winds she crept upstairs until dinner was served.

A week after Red's visit Letitia received a letter from old Mr. Harcher of Harcher, Harcher and Wont, the family lawyers, that perplexed and, vaguely, worried her.

"I've got to go up to town," Letitia said at breakfast.

Lady Violet gasped. "Letitia, dear, what is wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing that I know of, you old sweet. At least—except that Crispin is such a long time coming home."

"He must get the Rehan Crank-shaft Bearing going again," Aunt Daisy said. "But he will come soon, Letitia dear."

"Yes." Letitia did not snap: I believe he thinks more of that than he does of me. She said: "I'll have to run to catch that train." She was curious about the letter and hoped that it would be something that could keep her busy until Crispin came. She met Mr. Harcher at Waterloo and the manner in which he fussed over her jumped her to the conclusion that he had bad news for her.

For, indeed, that is what old Mr. Harcher did consider it. Over coffee in the buffet he explained.

"There is a flat in Hampstead. Full of old furniture. Sir Crispin wants it prepared for occupation. He suggested to me that you might care to supervise the decoration and furnishing."

Letitia's heart leapt. "You mean—for Crispin and me?"

Mr. Harcher gazed at her through pince-nez in surprise. It was as if the girl was pleased at the prospect of leaving the beauty and comfort of Four Winds. He said apologetically: "I really know so little about it. One cannot be explicit over the trans-Atlantic cable."

But there was no doubt in Letitia's mind for whom Crispin wanted this home. Though why he should act in this roundabout, mysterious manner she could not for the life of her understand.

Outside the big block of flats she pushed old Harcher back in the taxi and held out her hand.

"Give me the key. There is no need for you to bother. You can go straight back to that stuffy little office I know you love so."

Then she was in the flat—alone.

It was small, poky after Four Winds, but its lumbered dirt looked heavenly to Letitia. Two bedrooms, a long, three-windowed room overlooking the Heath and, ethereal in pearly mists far below, the myriad roofs of London: a small room that could be a nursery, and a tiny, stove-filled kitchenette. There was big, old-fashioned furniture that had been stored long ago by Crispin's father and resurrected from a depository by Mr. Harcher unknown to Lady Violet. It was ornate, carved, corniced, moulded and pedimented. Letitia thought: With all those bits prised away and the polish scraped off it will look beautiful against cream-washed walls. Even as she planned her sleeves were being rolled up, Oh, so happily. The hall-porter brought in a meal from the near-by little Italian café. And Letitia's happiest day for a long time raced past. It was late when she got back to her hotel. She wrote to allay the anxieties at Four Winds and lay awake with aching muscles and blistered palms thinking how little she had accomplished.

The next morning she procured an odd-job man who assured her he was capable of dealing with the pediment impedimenta. And watching one prised off a wardrobe Letitia was stricken suddenly. Supposing this flat is to be occupied by another person, a person who will deplore this stripping of mouldings and carvings! Then, because she was sure, she giggled; and concentrated to decide upon curtains of orange coloured net.

The principal bedroom was completed when Lady Violet telephoned.

Intent on a painting job she had left Letitia did not immediately heed the agitation at the far end of the wire. When this almost inaudible stuttering did permeate her consciousness she asked abruptly:

"Who is that? Oh! You, darling. It's you. Why, what is the matter?"

Coherency came. "Crispin is on his way home." Lady Violet brushed aside Letitia's excitement peremptorily. "Letitia dear, you know both your Aunt Daisy and myself have implicit trust in you. You do know that, dear, don't you. Implicit."

"Of course. Why on earth should it be otherwise?"

"Letitia dear. The whole of Penny Mill is ablaze with a most dreadful rumour. Too terrible to mention. It is that——" Lady Violet's voice quivered. "It is that you embraced and kissed a man in the High Street."

"But of course, darling. Red. He was R.A.F. We were——"

A gasp came over the wire and Letitia heard whispered consultations between Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy. Her heart warmed anew to the two dear, bemused old things.

"Of course! Daisy and I knew that it was quite all right. Quite! But—Letitia dear, this is too dreadful——"

"Please go on."

"We—we wondered whether Crispin has heard—whether that is the reason he has flown home. There! We simply had to let you know."

"It wouldn't be for that, darling. When did Crispin say he was coming?"

"That is what has upset us so. Crispin hasn't told us. Mr. Harcher was here this morning and he let something slip. Intentionally Daisy avers. And I concur. Mr. Harcher never lets anything slip accidentally. He let us know, we feel sure, because he is unhappy about this weird business of your being away from Four Winds. He does so hate being in the dark about *anything*."

Glancing about the unfinished hall Letitia asked when Crispin would be home. Lady Violet did not know but thought, by the way young people flew about these days, incredibly quickly.

"You two old darlings are worrying needlessly," Letitia assured, reassured, and re-reassured. After she had rung off she knew that Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy would be in restless torment until she and Crispin appeared before them arm in arm and unseparated. Frantically she went back to work. This would be the odd-job man's half day! Oh! the flat *couldn't* be finished before Crispin arrived. Even as Letitia hopelessly thought that, the door bell rang.

Fluted notes from the modern bell which had replaced the old jangling one. Crispin! Letitia thought. Her heels clicked like castanets along the hall.

It was Red. He said coolly: "Hallo! Hard at work? Your face is dirty."

In this anti-climax Letitia's first thought was: I might after all get finished before Crispin comes.

"No invitation for old pals?" Red asked.

"Red! Of course. Come in. But I was rather expecting——"

"Your husband?"

"He is on his way *(Continued on page 64)*

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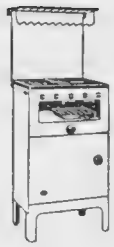

MAIN

gas cookers

M1

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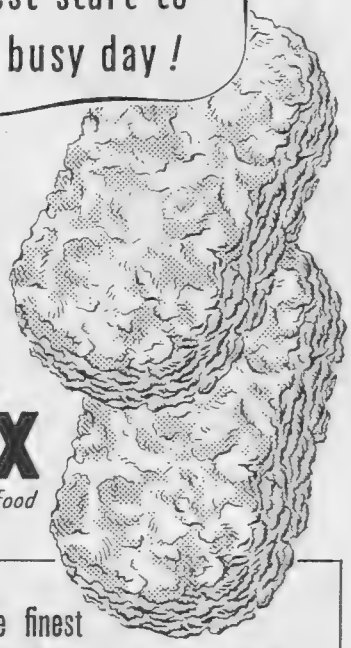

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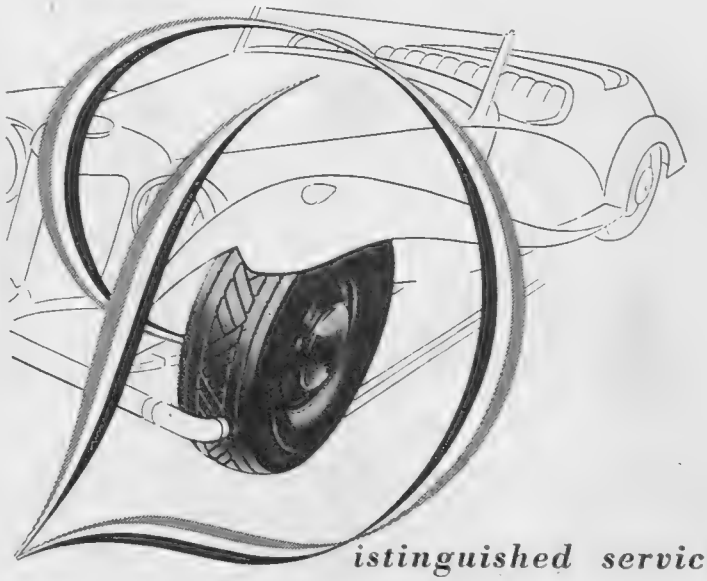

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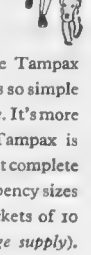

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home from America," Letitia said. "I'll get the kettle on for some tea."

Red flung his trilby on a still polished mahogany hall-stand that had not yet been denuded. "Nice place you've got here," he said. "Like it better than the family mansion?"

Letitia's teeth bit on her tongue as, suddenly, doubts crowded her. How could she say she did not know whose flat this was? The telephone warning, for such it undoubtedly was she realized now, turned over sickeningly in her tummy. She frowned at the imperturbable Red.

"Red! How did you know I was here?"

"Radar!" Then Red's jocularity lessened as he added: "And hope springing eternal."

Letitia knew Red: she knew it would be useless to press the question, and, her doubts intensifying, she was glad of the respite making tea gave her. They talked trivialities. Until the bell rang again. It did not cease ringing after she had opened the door to reveal Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy because Aunt Daisy, goggling at the trilby on the hall-stand, kept her finger agitatedly on the press button until Letitia took it away for her.

"We just had to come, Letitia dear," Lady Violet said nervously. "We went out of our way to uncover that terrible gossip in Penny Mill. And it is beyond belief. We thought—if Crispin comes, we ought to be here in case—in case——"

"In case Crispin is foolish," Aunt Daisy faltered, conjuring a smile.

Letitia stood aside for them to come in. Her throat dried: she felt cold: as if she were being enmeshed in the dark. She tried to keep her voice normal as she ushered them into the room where Red was. The only room as yet completed.

And Red's flustered jerk off the bed on which he had been lounging after having carefully turned back the silk counterpane was positively compromising. Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy were even more flustered. They actually declined the tea for which they were dying, and then, to their confounded amazement, were persuaded to accept cups—by Red swiftly recovered and nonchalant. Gallantly they endeavoured to reply calmly to his small-talk. Until the bell, that musical Nemesis, rang again. Letitia knew it would be Crispin. Beyond words now she brought him in. And not welcoming her son home from abroad Lady Violet gasped quickly:

"We have spent the day here with Letitia. We were just going. Red—eh!—Mr. Gifkins, was just going to get us a taxi." It was pathetic, that transparent avowal of faith. It brought a lump into Letitia's dry throat. "Come!" Lady Violet hurried on. "Daisy! Mr. Gifkins! My daughter and son will want to be alone after his long absence."

The two old ladies bustled out the unprotesting Red.

In circumstances most mothers-in-law would have considered damning Lady Violet and Aunt Daisy had perjured themselves in trust. Letitia's voice was trembly as she tried to explain.

A Lass And A Lackey

"Mother and Aunt Daisy had only just——"

"You look exactly as you did on that first morning. Remember?" Crispin interrupted. "The smeary cheeks emphasize the deep blue of your eyes. Your hair is charmingly disarranged. Why! You might never have been at Four Winds."

Because Letitia was puzzled she was scared. She cried: "I took it for granted this flat was to be—for us. A home for me to work for you in and have——" Have babies she was going to say. But Crispin hadn't kissed her yet. Her eyes were wide as she looked at him. "Then things began to happen. Suspicion. Your Mother and Aunt Daisy didn't get here until just before you. Red had been here a long time. I'd been showing him what I had been—been——"

"I saw Mother and Aunt Daisy bag a taxi at Waterloo," Crispin told her. "Because I wanted to come straight here and was dodging them I had to wait twenty minutes for another. I couldn't imagine where the dear old souls were off to. So flustered and all. What on earth were they doing here?"

"They came to tell me, to warn me, that Penny Mills is in a ferment because I kissed a man in the High Street." Letitia's voice strengthened. "And to defend me if you were foolish."

"Oh? Whom did you kiss in the High Street.?"

"Red," Letitia said, her voice small again.

And the bell rang.

"I expect that'll be Red. Probably come back for another," Crispin said. He marched along the hall and brought Red in: and looked at him and queried, "Well?"

Red grinned. "You win, pal." He held out his hand. "Happy as a little pig in clover when I barged in on her. I'm going to kiss her good-bye."

He did that. And Letitia and Crispin listened to him stride along the uncarpeted hall. As the door opened Crispin called:

"Come in to-morrow night, Red. A drink and supper."

"No thanks. So long," Red called back. The door shut carefully.

Crispin and Letitia never saw him again.

Her heart raced as she waited.

"I was a fool not to have realized before," Crispin said slowly. "I wondered if I'd be too late when I got old Harcher to fix this place. I'm not too late, am I?"

"No," Letitia said happily. "Oh, Crispin, I knew it was for us." Then: "I'm sorry I couldn't be happy at Four Winds. I was, really. Just miserable because I had nothing to do."

"That's what he said."

"I kept it so secret from Mother and Aunt Daisy, those old darlings," Letitia said, her voice muffled from Crispin's shoulder. "How on earth did old Mr. Harcher guess?"

"Old Harcher? It was Red. Red cabled me a warning that I'd married a working girl and she was pining away for a spot of toil and I'd lose her if I didn't watch out."

END

The Copper Ring (*Continued from page* 32)

Exercise. Instructors: Sgts. Bradshaw, Mortimer, Wayland. Cpls. Asher, Dilnot, Faraday——"

Dilnot! Dilnot! DILNOT!

Moving away blindly across the dark parade ground, he heard like a derisive echo his own name as it would have been barked at seven o'clock roll call for the Night Scheme. Seven o'clock. About the time Martin Costa had been choked to death in the garden of Koorie Nuñez. And Cpl. Dilnot had been absent off parade, A.W.O.L.

With their thrice-cursed parade to-night of all nights, they had sunk him. Costa murdered in Koorie's garden. That it was a jealousy crime would be the first thought of the municipal police. And the first person they would want to question would be the man who was known currently to have been making the pace with Koorie. Cpl. Dilnot of the Mounted depot. Where was Cpl. Dilnot at the time of the murder? A.W.O.L.

His thoughts twisted and turned, endless, agonizing, as he lay on the cot in his cubicle with his hands behind his head, staring up at the revolving punkah. Now and then, a tremor went through him, uncontrollably. There just was no loophole, no hope. The trail ran as glaringly to him as a set of tramlines.

The silence was broken, at last, by a thud of hoofs from the parade ground, a jingle of harness, shouted orders. The detail was returning from the Night Scheme. It was twelve thirty by Vic's watch. He switched off his light.

Presently the troopers came stampeding into the dormitory. Lying rigid in the dark, he listened to their gabble, their hyena mirth. Hatred was an ache in him. Jabbering morons, it probably (*Continued on page* 66)

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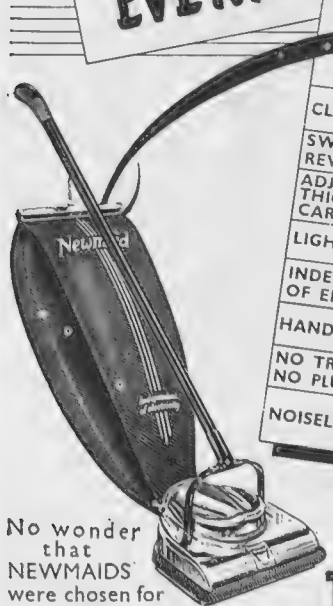

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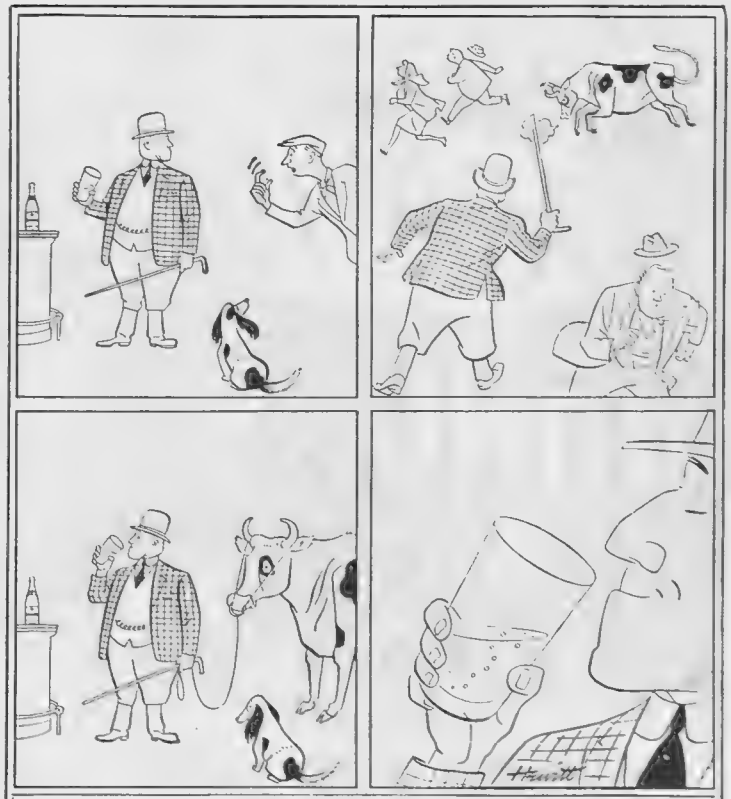

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was himself they were snickering about—the detested corporal who had got himself into trouble at last, gone A.W.O.L. How they'd gloat when they knew the trouble he really was in!

Gradually, the dormitory quietened down. Heavy breathing took over—grunts, snores. Sleep? *They* could sleep. But he——

He heaved himself up on his coat, swinging his feet to the floor.

"What am I going to do?"

This was no fantasy, no nightmare. It was real. And this night would end. This protective darkness would pass. Dawn would come. Dawn and exposure. Retribution.

Should he just wait for the blow to fall? Or run for it, make a break for up-country? Or take his revolver from his holster and blast his brains out?

With shaking hands, he groped for his cigarettes. In that instant, a light step sounded on the outside stairs. He froze. The door was opening.

"Vic?" came a sharp whisper.

"Huh—who's there?"

"Bill Berrold. Don't put the light on, might wake someone. I've brought your tunic back."

"T-tunic?" Vic clicked his lighter, held it up, blinking.

Bill threw a tunic on the cot. "I put my own tunic in your locker there," he said, and groped. "All right, I've got it."

"W-what's this?"

"I'll tell you," Bill said. "You've just got back, have you? From Koorie? Haven't you looked at 'Orders' even yet? I doubt it." His voice was an angry whisper. "You skirt-chasing halfwit, you were detailed for a Night Scheme. I read 'Orders' when they were posted, and saw your name. But I didn't see you. I'd a hunch you'd sloped off without waiting for the bugle, and I looked in your billet here. *You'd* gone, all right."

The lighter-glow reddened his face as he came closer, looking down at Vic sitting on the cot edge.

"You can thank your stars," said Bill, "that I wasn't detailed for it myself. I suppose I ought to have let you take your medicine, except that it was on my say-so you got your stripes. I put your tunic on, kept my helmet well over my eyes, and went on roll-call parade for you. There was only starlight and no one spotted me when I answered to your name. The instructors' briefing, in the horse-lines, and saddling up there, was the worst; but with all the dust down there, I had an excuse to keep my neckerchief up. I did the scheme for you. You're covered. You've had the narrowest damned shave, let me tell you——"

A narrow shave from being demoted! That was all Bill thought was at stake—a brace of stripes!

"B-Bill," he stammered, "I don't—don't know how to th-thank——"

"Thanks, nothing," Bill said. "I'll read you the riot act in the morning, my lad."

He swung round and the door closed behind him.

And sitting there on the cot edge, Vic breathed to himself, in wonder, over and over, "God in heaven! God in heaven!"

He was marked present on the Night Scheme. But what about Bill? Bill was alone in his bungalow quarters; his bunk-mate was on leave. Bill, too, had been on the make with Koorie Nuñez—until he, Vic, had cut in. When the inquiries started, how was Bill going to account for his whereabouts? He'd *have* to say that it was he who had passed as Cpl. Dilnot on roll-call.

"And I'll deny it. I'll deny it," Vic swore.

Yet it wouldn't do, and he knew it. His word against Bill Berrold's? Bill was popular. He, Vic, was hated. When they understood what was involved, those troopers snoring their heads off there in the dormitory would be liable to start remembering little significant things about "Cpl. Dilnot's" evasive behaviour. Any doubt would be all to Bill's benefit.

"If only he'd fallen down those iron stairs, just now," Vic raged, "and broken his pious neck! Then the idea of a substitution on that parade would never enter anybody's head."

Suddenly he was still, intent—a picture before him. It was sharp, vivid—a picture of the foolscap, typewritten "Orders" sheet in the glass wall-case.

"10.00 hrs. Grenade Range. Instructors: Sgts. Berrold, Mortimer, Rice. Cpls. Dilnot, Faraday. . . ."

After a long time, Vic lighted another cigarette. His hands were steady now. The cigarette between his lips, he lay back on the cot, wide awake, his mind intensely active.

THE grenade range was a parched waste, bomb-pitted, quivered over by the heat-blur. Hard by the squat, armoured observation tower, Inspector Collins fell out the detail. They were on foot.

The troopers carrying the grenade boxes dumped a box in each bay of the trench.

"Instructors," Inspector Collins ordered, "take a bay each and go ahead and prime. You trainees, sit down round me here."

Vic kept close behind Bill Berrold as the instructors dropped down into the trench. Its parapet of sandbags was chin high. The trench was segmented into bays by sandbag cross-walls, between which and the back of the trench was left just sufficient gap to permit of passage from bay to bay.

Bill took the bay on the left flank, Vic the bay adjoining.

Each instructor was required to prime his grenades, then carry the box to a dugout at the end of the trench, whence they were issued to the men who were to throw. This was the usual routine with rookies.

Alone in the cramped, oven-hot bay, Vic stooped to twist back the clamps of the box, open the lid. There, each in its own compartment were the twelve grenades. Unscrewing the base-cap of one, he pushed in the priming-set. The pulse in his ears surged like surf, so that he scarcely could catch Inspector Collins's voice from where, fifty yards off, he monotonously droned his routine lecture.

Stooping a little, to keep his head below the level of parapet and parados, Vic glanced swiftly each way along the trench. All clear. He pulled the split-pin from the grenade he held. Keeping the lever tight, his hand slightly behind him, he ducked into Bill's bay.

Squatting on his heels, Bill was taking a grenade from the box. At his side, he had set a grenade he had just primed.

Vic had to have that grenade. He had to have it to make up the twelve grenades, twelve priming-sets, in his own bay.

Bill glanced up, and Vic said, low and urgent, "Something wrong with these rings, Bill. Let's have a look at that grenade a minute."

Frowning, Bill picked up the grenade, handed it over. And whipping his hand from behind his back, Vic tossed the other grenade into the corner to Bill's right and slightly behind him. Wheeling round the sandbag dividing wall into his own bay, Vic flung himself grovelling in the dust. And Bill's shout and the jarring roar of the explosion were almost simultaneous.

A sandbag blasted from the wall struck Vic heavily on the shoulder. Sand from the bags streamed down on him. But the wall held, and through the ringing in his ears, as he staggered to his feet, he heard shouts. Inspector Collins's tall figure appeared abruptly on the parados. For an instant of shock and bitter grief, he stared down into Bill Berrold's bay. Then his voice rang, rapping orders:

"Disarm all grenades! Sgt. Mortimer, stretcher party here! Cpl. Dilnot, you all right?"

"All right, sir."

"Then help me get him out."

It was a grim job, but it had to be done, and it was done.

Vic threw himself, then, flat on his back on the hard ground clear of the trench. He put his helmet over his face. Waves of nausea surged through him. In the hot dark of the helmet floated multi-hued, mutable patterns. But through that brief, whirling weakness, one fact shone like a beacon: Bill Berrold had had it, and no one ever now was likely to guess, let alone prove, that Cpl. Dilnot hadn't been on the night exercise——

The sound of a motor reached him. He sat up. Sun-glare (*Continued on page* 68)

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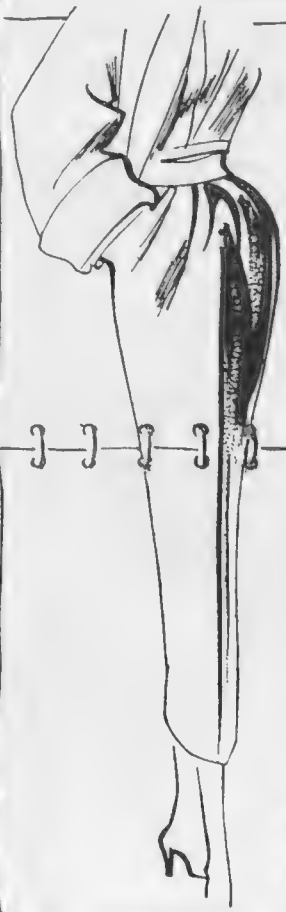
fashion diary for 1949



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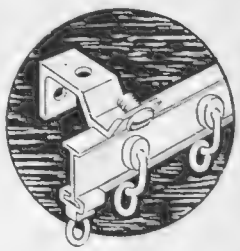

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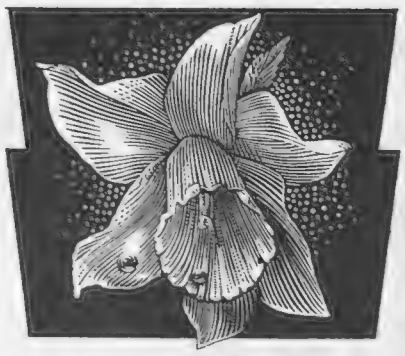

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FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

blinded him. He put on his helmet. As his eyes reaccustomed themselves to the dazzle, he saw that it was the Superintendent's car that had arrived. The Superintendent himself, commander of the depot, stood looking down at the blanket-covered form on the stretcher.

"Any idea what caused it?" the Superintendent said curtly.

Collins shrugged. "The last inquiry on an accident here, sir, put it down to a rusty split-pin. But you never get a hundred-per-cent sure explanation of a grenade accident."

"Curse it to hell," the Superintendent said bitterly. "Bill Berrold. One of the old-timers." He shrugged. "All right, Inspector. Impound all grenades for the inquiry. Send the detail back to barracks and carry on with the training programme."

Marching on the flank, Vic listened intently to the subdued murmuring in the ranks. The only possibilities hazarded were technical ones concerning grenade flaws.

At lunchtime, the first news of Costa's murder reached the rank and file. Vic listened with iron tension to the talk at the table.

"Costa who ran the cabaret," someone was saying. "Found in that dancer's garden—Koorie Nuñez. The municipal police were in to see the Super this morning."

"Why'd they look here?" another trooper asked.

"First place they'd turn, mate. A jealousy killin'. Plenty of us here have tried to make the grade with La Nuñez——"

Vic's blue glance flickered down the rows of faces. One or two men were looking uneasy.

Someone said, "I hear they placed it between seven and nine yesterday evenin'. That lets out us lot that were on the Night Scheme."

But that afternoon, while taking a class, Vic was summoned abruptly to Inspector Collins's office.

He scarcely knew how he walked up the steps to the office. But he needn't have worried. All the instructors who had been on the grenade range that morning—except Bill Berrold—were present. It was an unofficial canvassing for suggestions, before the inquiry that was to follow the funeral next day.

Many ideas were put forward; but the discussion showed how unlikely was any certain explanation of Bill Berrold's death.

Vic was safe. He was certain of it. There just was nothing that could go wrong, now.

Back at last in his cubicle, he stood at the window, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Safe? His safety was rising every minute.

A sudden brazen clangour made him jump. It was only the bugle. "Orders" were up. He grinned thinly. He was a good boy to-night, anyway.

He went down the iron stairs, across the parade ground to the office. Men were turning away, grumbling as usual, from the glass wall-case under the veranda roof. Vic stepped in front of the case. He looked at the typewritten, foolscap sheet, and something burst in his chest as though a mule had kicked him. The letters of that first paragraph dazzled before his eyes:

"*TO-NIGHT.* Due to the totally unsatisfactory state of training revealed in yesterday's Night Exercise, it will be repeated to-night with the same Instructors and Personnel. Parade: 19.00 hrs."

He stood there rooted. On a repeat of this kind, there would be no second briefing of instructors; they would be expected to know their rôles. He knew no more about last night's manœuvres than a babe unborn. *He hadn't been there.*

TO try pumping the men of his section would be to invite suspicion. Bluff was his only hope—to bluff 'em blind and dumb and dizzy. His fate turned on the next few hours—on his nerve, his wit, his invention.

He strapped on his heavy-holstered belt and went down the iron stairs to join the ranks of shadowy figures parading in the starlight.

Roll-call over, they marched down to the horse-lines.

Inspector Collins's clear shout sounded: "Instructors, same orders as last night. Keep your sections on the move this time. You're rehearsed and there's no excuse for making a boob of it. All right, mount your sections and move off. Same rotation. Same objective."

The Copper Ring

Vic's section of six swung into the saddle. He himself stayed to tighten the girth leather, not daring to mount. In what order had the sections moved off last night? He was sweating blood for one of these cretins in his section to give him a hint.

It came, then—a piercing whisper from one of his troopers: "Corp., Sgt. Rice's section's movin'!"

So they'd followed Rice's section. The information came not a second too soon, but still he dared not take the lead, for he had no idea which way to turn once outside the horse-lines. He peered up at the trooper who had whispered.

"Carry on," Vic said. "I've got this g-girth twisted."

Hoofs rang, striking blue sparks. The mounted figures swung by, shadowy against the stars. As the rear man passed, Vic put a foot in the stirrup, heaved himself up into the saddle.

Ahead, the dim figure of Inspector Collins sat his stationary horse by the gate of the railed yard, watching the riders pass. Vic pulled his neckerchief up to his eyes, praying that the inspector would think it was he, Vic, in the lead.

Ruin could be here, this very minute. If the rookie reined in outside the gate, at the junction of the trails, and the whole section bunched up waiting for their corporal to take the lead, Vic knew he'd be sunk. To try to explain a total absence of knowledge of a ride which he, an instructor, was supposed to have done last night—no, it'd be hopeless.

Head down, he passed the shadowy figure at the gateway. The section was turning to the right, at a walk. The orders were to move fast. He ought to take the lead there, ginger the pace, before Collins started roaring. But he dared not move up till he knew the trail they were supposed to take.

"Move, move, you blasted greenhorn," Vic raged mutely.

Now, at last, the rookie was leading the section off into a gap between trees. The instant the shadow shut off him from Collins's view, Vic raked spurs into his horse. In the dark, on the narrow trail, he cannoned and barged his way recklessly up the line of troopers, bursting alongside the leader like an avalanche.

"What in b-b-blazes d'you think this is—a f-funeral? S-s-speed it up, Trooper Farr! I got s-stragglers to shepherd if we aren't to s-string out all over the—the map!"

He saw Farr's startled glance in the star-gleam through foliage. "Righto, Corp."

Vic reined in, hissing at the men, as they jingled past, to speed it up. Thrusting in again in the rear, he was calculating furiously. These rookies were in an early stage of training. The exercise would be elementary. They had set out at seven; last night they had been back at half after midnight. He could judge roughly, from this, the radius within which lay the objective.

He peered at the luminous dial of his watch. About now, they should be nearing a fork in this trail. Yes, the section was swinging off to the right. Too bad if that rookie went and lost himself! Sweat broke out anew on Vic at the thought. He sent his horse barging up the line again as far as the second man.

"You," he said, "are you j-just following Trooper Farr like a sheep? Or are you using your eyes and your w-wits? How d'you know he's not-not leading you over a p-precipice, hey?"

"I remember these outcrops of rock on the right, Corp. We come out from the trees just ahead there."

"Good," Vic said. Gloating, he dropped back to the fourth man. "How about you, Kendle? Are you riding there like a z-zombie or d'you know what you're supposed to be doing?"

"I know, Corp."

"You do, huh? What's the f-f-first sign you'll see of the objective?"

"The red glow in (*Continued on page 70*)

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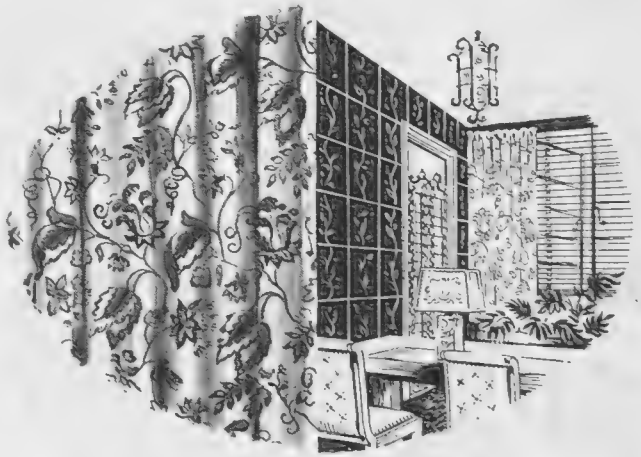

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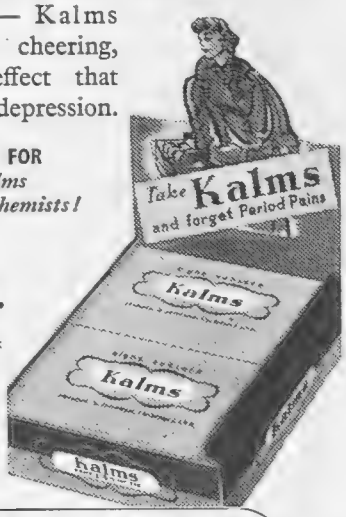

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the sky, Corp.—where they're supposed to be burnin' the kraal."

"And then?"

"Why, you give us the whistle an' we go in an' throw the cordon."

"Well, k-keep yourself awake. An' when I give you the w-whistle this time, *move*! Let's not have another nonsense!"

He could have whooped aloud in his relief. He had the whole picture now. The objective was an abandoned village, often used for training. He could guess the "scheme." It supposed a tribe raiding down from the hills to loot and burn the valley kraal. His section was to attack the raiders on the spot, while the other sections circled wide to block the passes to escapers. It was no more, really, than an exercise in night movement.

He rode up and took over the lead.

They were clear of the trees, now. He quickened the pace, keeping the section to the hollows and depressions, knowing Collins would have spotters out to squawk about sections showing themselves on the skyline.

Suddenly he saw the red stain of fire on the sky ahead. That was the old kraal, all right. He looked round at the section, waved an arm to put them in extended order, then took them fast over the ridge and down the long slope towards the orange beacon of the fire blazing in the saucer of the valley.

He waved his flank men to swing round and out, then plucked his whistle on its lanyard from his tunic pocket. He blew a shrill, long blast and loosed his horse to the gallop.

As the cordon closed in, he saw the Superintendent, standing with Inspector Collins red-lit in the beacon blaze, throw up his hands. Vic sounded his whistle again, slowed his horse to a trot. The Superintendent waved the signal to close.

Vic rode in, dismounted, saluted.

"Corporal D-Dilnot's section, sir."

The Superintendent nodded. The red flare hollowed his hawk face as he looked round at the section, sitting their horses in a half-circle.

"Very good, Corporal," he said. "Bit better than last night's performance."

"Yes, sir."

"It's a pity," said the Superintendent, "that it should be going to convict you of murder." His voice rang with a sudden clarity and chill: "*Take him!*"

Something struck Vic violently between the shoulder-blades, hurling him on his face.

The Copper Ring

His helmet rolled off in the flame-tinged dust. A knee jarred into the small of his back. His arms were wrenched behind him. He felt the grind of steel fetters on his wrists, then he was yanked, dazed and staring to his feet. A man held him on each side. Inspector Collins stepped forward, jerked the heavy revolver from Vic's holster.

The Superintendent said, "You were careless about those grenades, Corporal. You should know they bear the arsenal's date-stamp. All those in Sgt. Berrold's box were stamped 1948. All those in your box were 1947 grenades—except one, which, rather significantly, was 1948!"

"The business of the grenades," said the Superintendent, "was suggestive but not conclusive. If you had killed Berrold, *why*? We felt it tied up with the murder of Costa. We suspected Berrold of that, because we couldn't account for his movements last night. But the matter of the grenade dates suggested another possibility as to why we couldn't account for Berrold's movements. He was just the type who, rather than see one of his nominees stripped, would be apt to cover him in some default. The question was, had he covered you last night? We thought it as well to make sure."

"I ordered a repeat of the Exercise," the Superintendent said. "If you were present last night, you'd know what to do to-night. If not, you'd bluff. So you were called to a quite unnecessary conference in the office this afternoon, to get you out of the way so that I could brief your section as to how they were to mislead you if you showed uncertainty. You were told to repeat your section's rôle in last night's exercise. You've convicted yourself of murder, Dilnot, by bringing them a good eight miles *in the diametrically opposite direction!*"

There was a subsidence in the heart of the fire. The flames roared up, crackling; the yellow sparks flew. He saw the face of the greenhorn, the rookie—Trooper Farr. In hatred and fury, Vic tried to hurl himself at the youngster.

The Superintendent said dryly, "We all had a hand in it, Dilnot. The trap was a team job. When a copper commits a murder, he's in a closed ring from the first. All right. Inspector, take him away."

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

of rescue parties, the patient courage of guides, one of whom, commenting on reckless amateurs, was moved to say: "We ought to surround certain mountains with barbed wire and only allow real alpinists to climb them." Dramas and backgrounds are vividly described; the book, admirably produced, has bold photographs, drawings and maps.

THOSE trim young Wrens who, whatever their rank, always seem to walk with wardroom poise, deserve a tribute to their wartime work. In **"Blue Tapestry"** (Hollis & Carter, 15s.), Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, their Director from 1939-46, describes the W.R.N.S. from its early build-up to its D-Day achievements when it helped to assemble the invasion fleet and served in the Plotting Room of Portsmouth Combined H.Q. Every branch of the valuable work is covered in this rightly proud record, with photographs.

A PENETRATING insight into New York slum life of forty years ago, its Jewish and Irish-Catholic feuds, and the sweated garment trade gives distinction to Mr. Sholem Asch's **"East River"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.). At times he can be heavy-handed, but he shapes real people in real surroundings, and implicit in this deeply human story is a plea for tolerance among men instead of the conflicts and rivalries which turn modern life into a cockpit and shambles.

THE shock of experience on simple, trusting youth is no new theme, but I found it convincingly stressed in the story of young Conway in Mr. Peirson Ricks' **"The Hunter's Horn"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). The son of a puritan father, he lives with a Southern family of eccentric hunting men and is unprepared for the spiritual upheaval which follows his blind seduction of a girl outside his class. If this is a first novel it is all the worthier of praise.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

HISTORICAL AND OTHER NOVELS

"The Charlatan," by Phillip John Stead (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Dark Sails,"** a tale of Old St. Simons, by Helen Topping Miller (National Press, Dublin, 10s. 6d.); **"The Heart of a King,"** a story of Henry VIII, by Philip Lindsay (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Strangers in My House,"** by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Devil Take the Blue Tail Fly,"** a new J. F. Bardin detective story (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); **"Operation Halter,"** by Frank King (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"Façade,"** by Ursula Bloom (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Valerie,"** by Morchard Bishop (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); **"The Veiled Fountain,"** by Harry Harvey (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.).

TOPOGRAPHICAL

Robert Hale have published another in the absorbing and well illustrated County Book Series, this time **"Herefordshire,"** by H. L. V. Fletcher (15s.); **"The British Heritage,"** the people, their crafts and achievements as recorded in their buildings and on the face of (*Continued on page 72*)

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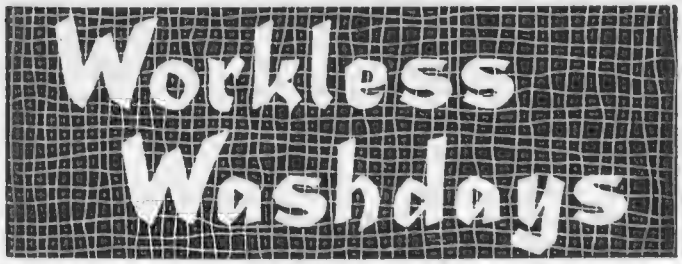

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the countryside, (Odhams, 10s. 6d.); **"I Return To Ireland,"** by S. P. B. Mais (Christopher Johnson, 15s.); **"The Blue Field,"** by John Moore (Collins, 12s. 6d.); **"English Place-names,"** by H. G. Stokes (Batsford, 12s. 6d.); **"A Wiltshire Home,"** a study of Little Durnford by Dorothy Devenish (Batsford, 12s. 6d.); **"The English Heritage,"** by Rex Welldon Finn (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.); two further additions to the Vision of England Series, **"Suffolk,"** by Olive Brook and **"Northumberland,"** by Ann Sitwell (Paul Elek, 10s. 6d. each).

BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST

"Nature Rambles in Autumn and Winter," by Kenneth Sparrow with colour illustrations by Russell Leslie (Evans, 15s.); **"Journey to Egypt,"** by Eileen Bigland (Jarrolds, 18s.); **"Come, Ride With Me,"** by Delia Dolphin, a book on riding for pleasure (Christopher Johnson, 15s.); **"Riding,"** a popular book on learning to ride correctly, by Benjamin Lewis (W. H. Allen, 21s.); **"Learning to Garden,"** by Olive Mason Gunnison (distributed by Mayflower Publishing Co., 15s. 6d.); **"Wisest in the Wilds,"** by B. Melville Nicholas (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The China Run,"** by Neil Paterson (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.); **"Geraldine S. Cadbury,"** a biography by Janet Whitney (Harrap, 12s. 6d.); **"Delightes for Ladies,"** reprinted from the original text by Sir Hugh Plat of 1609 with an introduction by G. E. and K. R. Russell (Crosby Lockwood, 15s.).

MUSIC AND ART

"The English Comic Album," a century of pictorial wit and humour compiled by Leonard Russell and Nicholas Bentley (Michael Joseph, 15s.); **"Punch in Cameraland,"** (Focal Press, 15s.); two additions to the series **"The World of Music,"** **"German Song,"** by Elizabeth Schumann and **"The Waltz,"** by Mosco Carner (Max Parrish, 6s. each); **"The Music Masters,"** from the Sixteenth Century to the time of Beethoven edited by A. L. Bacharach (Maurice Fridberg, 15s.); **"Painting as a Pastime,"** by Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill (Odhams and Ernest Benn, 10s. 6d.); **"George Grosz,"** edited by Imre Hofbauer with an introduction by John Dos Passos (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 21s.); and four new Faber Gallery books, **"Matisse,"** with notes and introduction by Jean Cassou; **"Watteau,"** with notes and introduction by Peter Murray; **"Van Gogh,"** with notes and introduction by Philip James; **"Chagall,"** with notes by the artist and introduction by Michael Ayrton (Faber, 7s. 6d. each).

REPRINTS

"A Sentimental Journey," by Laurence Sterne and **"Emma,"** by Jane Austen have been added to the excellent series **"Macdonald Illustrated Classics"** (Macdonald, 8s. 6d. each); **"A Thing of Nought,"** by Hilda Vaughan (Percival Marshall, 5s.); **"Countess Kate,"** by Charlotte M. Yonge (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Selections from the Droll Stories of Honore de Balzac,"** illustrated by the Dutch artist, Cees Woltman (Bourbon Press, 21s.).

END

Legends Set To Music

(Continued from page 42)

years later, at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, *The Flying Dutchman* was produced.

SHAKESPEARE'S plays have inspired several operatic composers, but Verdi was the man who drew most inspiration from the Master. *Hamlet, Othello,* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as well as Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* are popular favourites among Continental opera audiences, but one cannot help wondering whether the composers ever did complete musical justice to the source of their inspiration, but probably musical and dramatic critics will never agree on this score!

Mascagni who had all the London errand boys of the nineties whistling his Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana,* turned to the Victorian playwright Sir Arthur Pinero, for his next opera. Pinero had written a play called *Iris* which had no success at all. Mascagni made *Iris* into an opera and its "success" was even less. Then take the case of *Madame Butterfly.*

Madame Butterfly was a one act play by an American dramatist named David Belasco. The late Dame Lilian Braithwaite produced it at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, where it passed almost un-noticed. Then "one fine day" Puccini came along, and you know the rest of that story. But Puccini had a flair for this kind of thing, although his *La Bohème,* perhaps the best loved of all the Puccini operas, was taken from a very real love story which became the legend of the Paris Latin Quarter.

Henri Murger was the son of a small repairing tailor and his seamstress wife who kept a *loge* in the rue St. Georges, Paris. Henri was born in 1822. His father wanted him to be a workman; his mother wanted him to be a gentleman; Henri wanted to be a writer. A few years after Queen Victoria was on the throne of England, Henri Murger was starving nicely in a Latin Quarter garret. Henri fell in love with his cousin Angèle, the daughter of a fairly prosperous tradesman, but she would have none of him. Angèle's father employed a bookkeeper named Marie Fontblanc, who was twenty-five; Henri was nineteen. Her husband was an accountant.

Marie could read Shakespeare's sonnets in the original and invited Henri to her flat in order to teach him English. The husband left the couple alone every time Henri called. They fell in love and Marie became Henri's mistress and the original of a large part of the character of Mimi, the heroine of Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème,* and of Puccini's *La Bohème,* but she was not the whole part of Mimi.

Soon after Henri's *liaison* with Marie, she came to him suddenly and asked him to hide her; the police had discovered that her husband belonged to a gang of thieves. Henri protected Marie, but she ran away with a friend of her lover's. Henri tried to poison himself, but merely became very ill. Marie was arrested by the police as an accomplice of her husband and held in prison *for two years* before she was tried—and acquitted.

Henri met Marie by accident and they lived together for a few weeks, but could not re-capture their former mutual love. They parted and Marie became a street walker.

Murger made a little money, and lived in better circumstances, but only for a while. Then he met and loved a girl named Lucille Louvet, because she reminded him of Marie. Lucille became another component part of Mimi.

Lucille heard that Henri loved her only because she reminded him of the great love of his life, Marie. One day Henri came home to find the garret empty; nothing but a note and a bunch of violets. He put the violets away with a little black velvet mask Marie had worn the night he took her to the *Bal Masqué* at the Paris Opera.

A few months later Lucille came back and begged Henri to shelter her; she was ill and penniless. Her cough was very bad. She was so ill that she was taken to the Hôpital St. Louis, where she died of consumption. Her little hands may have been frozen, but she had no muff. Muffs cost money and Murger had none.

Murger put his own story into his play. His friend, Alexandre Schanne, became Schaunard; Rodolphe, of course, was Murger himself. Musette was a girl named Marie Roux, but before the play was produced there was a third Mimi in Murger's life. Her name was Louise and she resembled Lucille who resembled Marie.

Victor Hugo had befriended Murger and it was a Hugo play, *Le Roi s'Amuse* which inspired Verdi's famous *Rigoletto.* Here we find an opera like *(Continued on page 74)*

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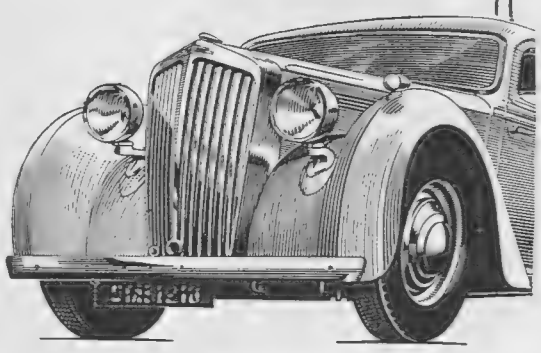

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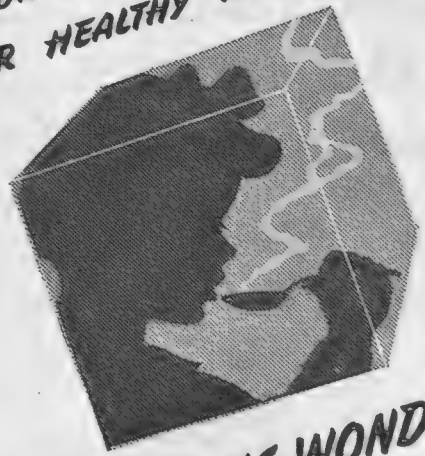

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Legends Set To Music

La Bohème in the sense that it was founded on fact, but no sentimental fact. Hugo's play was first produced in Venice, in 1851. In France it was banned after its first performance, because it was considered dangerous in the times of revolutionary uproar in Europe to make mock of a king! Triboulet, of course, was the jester of François I.

The story of *The Magic Flute*, perhaps Mozart's best-known work, was in reality a stage picture of a certain phase of European history told in allegorical form, but it is doubtful if modern audiences realize that the music of Mozart is illustrating a very bitter subject which found its counterpart in Europe once again, in the middle thirties.

Mozart's *Magic Flute* was first produced in Vienna, September 30, 1791. It appeared in Paris ten years later as *Les Mystères d'Isis*. The libretto of the opera was written by Schikaneder with the assistance of an operatic chorister named Gieseke.

Briefly, the story is of Prince Tamino who while hunting loses his attendants and is attacked by a dragon. When the dragon is about to kill the prince, three maidens appear who are the attendants of the Queen of Night. By means of magic they slay the dragon. The prince who has fainted is revived by the maidens who leave him to inform the Queen of his presence. From then onwards the plot becomes exceedingly involved. The story behind the story of *The Magic Flute* is that Mozart and Schikaneder belonged to the same masonic lodge. The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria banned masonry in her domain and sent soldiers to close the lodges. Schikaneder saw an opportunity to tell the story of the struggles of masonry in operatic form and approached Mozart with his idea. The opera was supposed to convey a hidden message. The scene was laid in Egypt, the home of King Solomon's temple, the fountain spring of masonry. The Queen of Night was supposed to be no other than the Empress herself; Tamino, the Emperor. Now, one hundred and fifty-seven years later, the legend is forgotten, the "hidden message" meaningless, but the melody lingers on.

END

Always Wash Your Hands

(*Continued from page* 19)

tell them everything. If you don't, I shall I know all about the forged cheque!" A gleam of triumph showed for a moment in her eyes. "I know why Mr. Roger was murdered!"

PETER TREVOR, immaculate as always, sat in Roger Dearden's comfortable lounge and listened intently to Chief Inspector Jamieson's statement.

"Wonder why you sent for me, Jimmy," he mused. "It seems a simple enough case."

"It's too simple, Mr. Trevor. Far too straightforward for my liking. In the first place, there's no hanky-panky, no attempt to fool us about the death in any way. Our surgeon saw the body very shortly after Doctor Clifford, and agreed with him in every respect. Death was due to stabbing. The weapon used was the paperknife in the handbasin. The body had lost about one degree in temperature. There was no sign of *rigor mortis*, and the blood hadn't clotted properly. According to both doctors, Dearden died between half-past six and seven. Agree?"

"Definitely. Queer time to commit a murder, don't you think?"

"I'm not paid to think," said Jamieson dourly. "I'm expected to know."

"So am I," smiled Peter. "Why does the simplicity of the case annoy you?"

"Well, one of the four people in the house killed Dearden. . . ."

"Assuming Parker is correct about doors and windows being fastened."

"Why should he lie?"

"Why, indeed? Go on, Jimmy."

"One of these four is a murderer. They all deny it. They'd all equal opportunity. And apart from the fact that the forged cheque has gone, there's nothing to implicate any one of them more than the others."

"Mrs. Florey seems to think the missing cheque incriminates the boy."

"They all do. But if he's guilty, he was crazy to touch it. With his uncle dead, it ceased to be a menace. No one to prosecute."

"So you'd prefer to believe that someone else took it in the effort to frame him? Maybe you've got something there." Peter's dark eyes twinkled. "On the other hand, maybe you haven't. It's possible, I suppose, that he crept quietly into the room with the sole idea of pinching the cheque. His uncle wakened up and caught him in the act. Hence the paperknife, snatched from the bedside table—and a hurried exit, forgetting to put the cheque back."

"You think of the darnedest things, Mr. Trevor."

"Possibilities aren't always probabilities," Peter conceded. "I agree there's nothing to incriminate Kenneth Woodward more than the other three. As you say—too uncomplicated to be an easy case. What about motives?"

"There's an obvious one for both the boy and the girl, of course—Dearden's threat to alter his will." Jamieson hesitated, then added: "It's a bit too obvious for my liking."

"Determined to keep us puzzled, aren't you? But again I agree. Had either Parker or Mrs. Florey any good reason for killing Dearden?"

"Not that I know of."

"You've an idea they may be lying?"

"Someone's lying, Mr. Trevor."

"Sure. I think I'll have a word with them all before doing anything else."

BY the time Peter had questioned the four occupants of the house individually he was whistling under his breath, a sure sign that he was puzzled. Jamieson looked at him and scratched his grey head reflectively.

"Don't see that we've got much further, Mr. Trevor."

"Not a lot, Jimmy. The curious thing is that they all strike me as perfectly truthful witnesses. Kenneth Woodward, for instance. He was sullen and uncooperative. But that was probably only because he felt that suspicion rested heavily upon him."

"He didn't know the real reason why his uncle was against his marriage."

"No. Ann Gelder evidently hadn't told him that Dearden wished her to marry Doctor Clifford. But that's natural enough, isn't it? She didn't want to cause any more trouble. A nice girl, Jimmy. She wouldn't say anything against Clifford. And, you know, I can't think there's much wrong with either Parker or Mrs. Florey."

"Don't you think there was something between Roger Dearden and Mrs. Florey?"

"She more or less admitted it. Listening at the bedroom door last night in the hope that there'd be a quarrel, and that the young people would be sent away. She's quite satisfied in her own mind that Kenneth Woodward killed Dearden, and wants to see him punished. Vindictive, yes. But that's about all, I think. How do you see it?"

"Same as you," grunted Jamieson. "The whole thing's too darned simple for words. What do we do now?"

"We go upstairs," said Peter, "and view the bedroom."

Roger Dearden's body had been taken away and the bed stripped. The paperknife had been removed from the handbasin for finger-print tests. Nothing else in the room had been touched.

Peter prowled about, examining everything closely and methodically. He came eventually to the handbasin, and a gleam of interest showed in his dark eyes as he looked down at the bloodstained water in it.

"No soap, Jimmy," he commented.

"So what?"

"Shows how easy it is to be misled. I've been assuming that the murderer—male for convenience of speech—dropped the dagger in here quite naturally (*Continued on page* 76)

The electricity surcharge

AN ADJUSTMENT of domestic tariffs for electricity has been introduced at the request of the Government. To curtail use of current during the peak periods, roughly one-third of a penny will be added to the normal running charge per unit during *three* winter months; but the normal charge will be reduced by one-tenth of a penny per unit during the remaining *nine* months of the year.

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when washing the blood from his hands. Nothing of the sort. There's a cake of soap in the tray, and he didn't use it. The water's quite clear. He didn't wash his hands."

"Course he didn't! He wore gloves. Must have done, or he couldn't have opened that drawer and taken the forged cheque without leaving an odd fingerprint behind."

"Then why take the trouble to run water into this basin and put the dagger in it?"

Jamieson's dour features grew grimmer.

"Caught me out there, Mr. Trevor," he confessed. "I've been thinking the idea was to wash any prints off the weapon. But it couldn't be that. Unless. . . ." His face cleared. "Suppose he wore gloves to open the drawer, then took 'em off so that he could handle the paperknife better?"

"Doesn't sound right to me. Besides, he didn't wash his hands properly. Water alone wouldn't take the blood off."

"Perhaps he'd none on them!"

"Bound to have. No, Jimmy. We haven't found the reason why the murderer wanted his weapon under water. We've got to find it. It's the first complication we've struck. Perhaps our chance of solving an unnaturally simple case."

Peter resumed his prowling. Then, suddenly, he snapped his fingers.

"Got something, Mr. Trevor?" asked Jamieson eagerly.

"Something, yes. The murder weapon wasn't dropped into the water casually. It was put in deliberately for some specific purpose. If that purpose was *not* to wash off any fingerprints, there's only one alternative."

"I can't think of it."

"To wash off the blood."

Jamieson was disappointed and showed it.

"It's plain logic, Jimmy."

"But where's the big idea? Do you mean the murderer changed his mind? First he intended to clean the paperknife, put it back where it belonged, and try to fool us. . . ."

"No, I don't mean that. What happened to the bedclothes?"

"Taken away. To wash, I suppose."

"Let's go and see."

They went downstairs. In the kitchen Mrs. Florey was making coffee. She shivered when Jamieson told her what they wanted.

"Mrs. Jones, our daily help, took them all out to the wash-house."

They crossed the yard to the wash-house where they found Mrs. Jones, an energetic little woman, busy among clouds of steam.

"Yus, I get all t'mucky jobs," she said cheerfully, in reply to a question. "Nasty sticky mess, everything were. But they're comin' clean now. Niver seen so much blood in me life. He must have bled like a stuck pig. What I'm goin' to do wi' yond, I don't know. Mebbe one o' you could tell me how to get it clean?"

Peter's eyes lit up as he saw what she was pointing at—an electric blanket lying against the wall. It was stiff, caked with dried blood.

"'Fraid you can't do anything with this, Mrs. Jones," he said. "In fact, we'll take it away with us." He examined the switch. "Been over it for fingerprints, Jimmy?"

"Didn't even know it was on the bed."

"There's a fine specimen on the switch. Probably Dearden's. Better check up."

Returning to the house, they handed the electric blanket to one of Jamieson's men. In the hall Peter stood irresolute for a few moments, then swung round on the puzzled inspector.

"Had Dearden any relatives besides young Woodward?"

"There's a married daughter—a Mrs. Philip Abington. Lives in Hampstead."

"Notified her about murder?"

"I sent a man along to see her. She couldn't throw any light on it."

"We'll try her again. Come on."

Jamieson failed to hide his bewilderment as he led the way out to the police car. Experience told him that Mr. Trevor was hot on the trail of something. What this something might be he couldn't even imagine. And when he asked, the reply he received didn't enlighten him much.

"Fairly obvious, Jimmy, isn't it? The murderer didn't want us to find blood on the paperknife. That on the blanket was dried; while Mrs. Jones described the rest of the things as a sticky mess. Explains a lot, don't you think?"

"Almost everything," agreed Jamieson with heavy sarcasm.

No more was said until they reached the Abington home. Lucy Abington opened the door to their ring.

After the usual condolences, Peter offered her a cigarette.

"Do you mind if I ask you a few personal questions?"

"Not at all."

"How long have you been married?"

"Fifteen years."

"Any children?"

"No." Her cheerful face shadowed. "No such luck."

Peter's dark eyes gleamed.

"Should I be in order, Mrs. Abington, in suggesting that it was a matter not of luck but of deliberate intention?"

She looked at him steadily. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are suffering from a constitutional disease which is hereditary. It does not affect women, but they pass it on to their children. Isn't that the reason why you haven't had any?"

Lucy Abington nodded, sighing.

"I can't see that it's any business of yours," she replied. "But you're right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Abington," said Peter. "I wouldn't have troubled you if I hadn't needed your confirmation."

Jamieson was muttering to himself as they left the house.

"So we've got everything nicely confirmed now, Mr. Trevor?"

"I think so. Roger Dearden suffered from haemophilia. He was what is commonly known as a bleeder."

"And that's why there was so much of it? Well, I suppose it's very interesting. But it doesn't tell me who murdered him."

"Never mind." Peter grinned. "I'll tell you, Jimmy . . . as soon as we get back."

THE expert reported that he had been unable to identify the fingerprint on the switch of the electric blanket. It had not been made by anyone in the house. Jamieson frowned dourly at the news, but Peter seemed quite pleased.

"That's the lot, then," he said. "Bring in the suspects, will you?"

He lit a cigarette and paced about the lounge until Jamieson had complied. When they were all seated, he turned to survey them gravely.

"I think it's only fair," he went on, "to let you know at once that we've discovered who killed Roger Dearden. He suffered from haemophilia. In case this doesn't mean much to you, I must explain that it's a moderately common disease characterized by a deficiency in the blood of the elements which cause coagulation. A haemophilic can bleed to death from a very slight injury, simply because the haemorrhage is not stopped as in a normal person by clotting. Even when shed, the blood remains fluid for a considerably longer time than is usual."

He paused to crush out his cigarette.

"So you can see," he continued, "how easy it is for even an expert to be misled. A body showing a practically normal temperature is found soaked with blood which is still more or less fluid. The expert has no suspicion of the haemophilia. He knows nothing of the electric blanket which has maintained the temperature of the body, thus delaying the onset of *rigor mortis*. Naturally, he concludes that death has occurred very recently."

Kenneth Woodward gasped. "You mean it—it didn't happen just before we found him?"

"Your uncle had been dead many hours then, Mr. Woodward."

Jane Florey sprang to her feet.

"And what difference does that make?" she cried fiercely. "He was murdered, wasn't he? Whatever time it was done. If that young devil. . . ."

"Steady, Mrs. Florey—if it's justice you're after. Mr. Woodward did not kill Roger Dearden."

"It's a lie! You're just trying to shield . . . ."

"Not at all. Actually there's been very little lying in this case. I was tremendously puzzled after I'd had a talk with you all. I felt almost certain that each one of you was telling the truth. Yet the facts demanded that one of you must be guilty."

"Perhaps the facts were lying. I couldn't see where—until I realized that the murderer hadn't dared to leave any blood on the paperknife. This put me on the track of the haemophilia. And when I found hard dried blood on the electric blanket, proving conclusively that it had been switched on—during such a hot night—well, I had only to ask myself one or two simple questions. Who was most likely to know about the haemophilia? Who was most likely to see how it could be utilized to provide a wonderful alibi? Who had the opportunity of switching off the blanket this morning?"

Ann Gelder, whose hand had sought Kenneth's, uttered a startled exclamation.

"Doctor Clifford!"

"Got it first time, Miss Gelder. I haven't the slightest doubt that the fingerprint we've found will prove to be his. Evidently his—er—affection for you had considerably deeper roots than you imagined. He saw an opportunity last night of getting rid of Kenneth—by framing him with the murder of his uncle—and he took it without hesitation."

There was silence for a while. Ann looked at Kenneth; and Kenneth stared at Peter.

"So that was it," he muttered. "The swine! But I still don't understand about the paperknife and. . . ."

"The point about the paperknife was this: Any blood, even from a haemophilic, will coagulate fairly quickly on such a metal surface. Clifford knew that Dearden's body would be discovered about half-past seven, approximately nine hours after death. He daren't leave the dagger in the wound because a considerable amount of coagulation would inevitably occur around it. This would contrast very forcibly with the more or less fluid blood on the bedcoverings, and might even lead to a diagnosis of the haemophilia. It would certainly not suggest that death had occurred within the last hour or so. For the same reason he daren't leave the dagger about with clotted blood on it. He had to wash it."

"Clifford must have decided what he was going to do while you were all in the room together. As soon as you'd gone, he turned to his bag, pretending to prepare a sleeping draught. He drew on a pair of rubber gloves, seized the paperknife and stabbed his victim, afterwards dropping the weapon into the handbasin. He peeled off the bloodstained gloves—inside out, of course—and put them into his bag, to be cleaned as soon as he got home. Then he slipped on a pair of ordinary gloves, turned on the hot water in the handbasin, switched on the electric blanket, and got the forged cheque out of the drawer.

"A few minutes only before he joined you downstairs, knowing that no one else would enter the room until this morning. When he turned up in response to your telephone call, he saw that everything was going as planned. He had to risk a fingerprint on the switch of the blanket this time, but he wasn't at all worried about that. Why should anyone be interested in the blanket? All the same, it's going to hang him. Isn't it, Jimmy?"

"You bet it is! We'll collect him straight away." Jamieson looked at Kenneth and Ann, wrapped in one another's arms, oblivious to anyone else. He turned to Peter and grinned suddenly. "Cupid!"

"What did you say?"

"I said he was stupid. Has it occurred to you, Mr. Trevor? If he'd washed his hands, we'd never have got him."

END

1.2.49

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